

GREAT BIG FAT ANNUAL

MAC
50¢

SICK

DOUBLE
BONUS!

DRIVE YOUR FRIENDS CRAZY!

SICK
ANNOUNCEMENT
CARDS

PLUS FULL-COLOR
WILD PARTY
HANG-UP



This issue is too much!

WANT TO LOSE FRIENDS AND INFURIATE PEOPLE? IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW! SIMPLY SEND THEM THESE . . .

CUT-OUT AND PASTE-OVER

SICK ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

*The City Planning Commission
wishes to instruct you that
the building you live in
has been condemned
and desires that you
vacate the premises
immediately
making way for the
wrecking crews
who will arrive in the morning.*

*The County Clerk's office
finds after searching through its
records
that a mixup occurred
in the hospital
at the time of your birth
and that you are really
somebody else.
Please call at the above office
for further details.*

*The Main Street Mortuary
takes pride in announcing
that you have just been awarded
an all-expense-paid-funeral.

This offer expires
one week from today
so you are respectfully urged
to do the same.*

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
*The City Health Department
has evidence which leads us
to believe that during the past year
you have slowly been poisoned
and suggests that you not panic
but report to this office immediately
for emergency treatment.*

We know a guy who wanted to commit suicide but instead of an overdose of sleeping tablets, he took, by mistake an overdose of No-Doz. He hasn't slept for a month.

* * *

At Christmas time, do they send CARE packages gift-wrapped?

* * *

The South and North Poles have moved. Just in case you were going to write them a letter.

* * *

There's an IBM booth on Broadway in New York that analyzes your character by a handwriting test. You just write your name on a card and the machine analyzes you. We wrote the name Gladivostak Pimpkin. We don't know who he is, but he's in big trouble. According to the IBM machine, he is psychotic and has definite tendencies to sign other people's names on handwriting analysis tests.

* * *

The richest man in the world lives in Bolivia. He is the owner of vast diamond fields that net him over 35 million dollars per year.



MINUTE MONOLOGUE:

Liberia sends first man into space. The Liberian Information officer addresses press.

Gentlemen, Liberia sent its first space ship into orbit. Yes, a question? What magazine are you from, son? Ebony? You sit up here and you there from the Atlanta Gazette, you move to the rear of the auditorium. What's your question, son? Did we have any trouble? A little over Tennessee. The Air National Guard sent up planes and tried to shoot our capsule down.

* * *

Do cats wash their faces or do they wash their feet and wipe them on their faces?

* * *

"The Creature that Devoured Cleveland" was filmed on location. Have you noticed there has been very little news out of Cleveland lately?

* * *



GREAT BIG FAT ANNUAL

SICK

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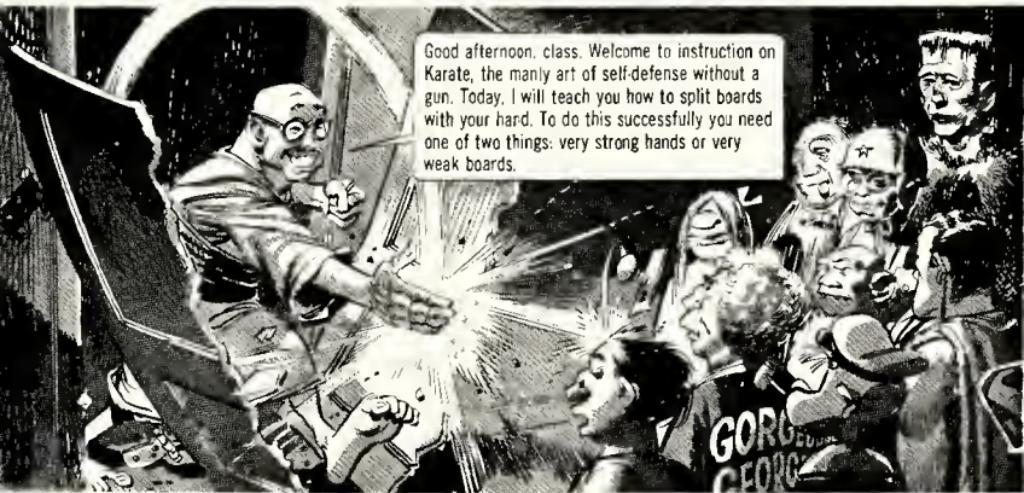
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KARATE LESSONS

We recently attended a class in Karate, the instructor fascinated us. When he entered the room, he didn't open the door, he split it down the middle. His lecture went something like this—

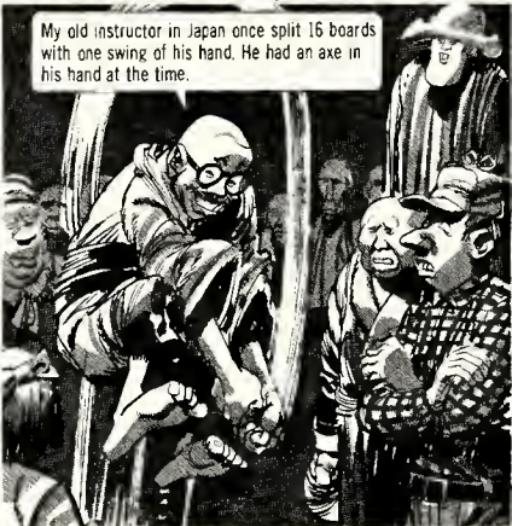


By Dee Caruso and Bill Levine

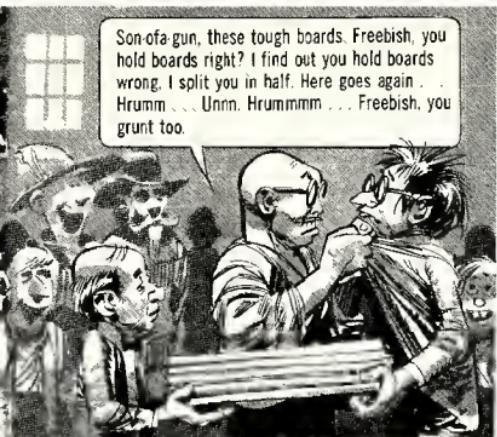
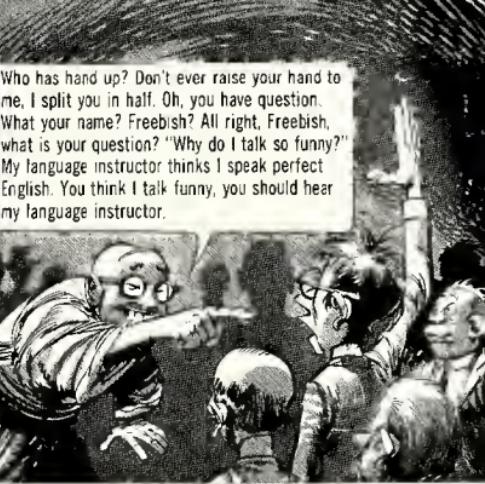
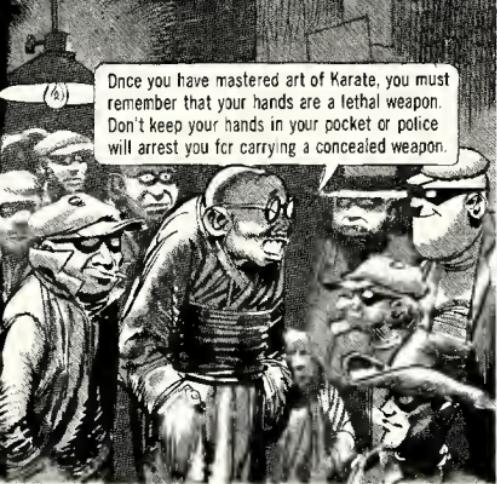
Art by Jack Davis



Karate very useful sport. Handy around house. Once you master Karate, you won't need a power saw... Today, I will teach you exercise to strengthen your fingers. Squeeze little rubber ball in your palm. I have done this exercise, I squeezed little rubber ball in my hand and would you believe it, after just two years that little rubber ball was hard as a rock.



My old instructor in Japan once split 16 boards with one swing of his hand. He had an axe in his hand at the time.



DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

BOMB FALLS ON PHILADELPHIA

OPENING OF NEW PLAY CALLED DISASTER



You can also afford to
choose what you want. The
more you spend, the
more you get, else
it's out the door
in no time.

But, much more than
that, it's the
kind of art
you want.
It's going to
cost a lot of
money, but
it's worth it.
It's a great
experience.

The greatest
experience
is to be
driven by the
wind, to feel
the sun on
your face.

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

VICIOUS SMEAR TACTICS UNCOVERED IN CITY

HOUSEWIFE BLAMES PAINTER FOR SLOPPY WALLS



Good morning, you are lo
at a man who is to be seen
in the park of cigarettes
way. Two years ago I had
a simple open at one—such as
I would be of my life
he can't make.

Who said a good newspaper has to be dull? The same guys who said a bad newspaper has to be exciting—namely, the clods who write headlines for tabloids that sell like crazy. Only, if you read between the lines you'll find it's all a lot of hogwash like most of these examples of today's...

DOUBLE

Art by Angelo Torres

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

EXPLOSION ROCKS ENTIRE WORLD

POPULATION EXPLOSION INCREASING EVERYWHERE



DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

REDS DECLARE WAR ON YANKS

BASEBALL CLUBS IN TRADING HASSLE



Well, I'm not a put
in your way. I be
the one, and a
7 pencils. I'll be your
pencil at my r
it's not fair. I
can



TAKI

Script by Paul Laikin



1

FINAL

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

MAN SHOCKED BY ELECTRICITY CHARGE

CON EDISON PRICES OUTRAGEOUS
SHOUTS CUSTOMER



FINAL

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

SHIP DISASTER IN CALIFORNIA

EDSEL CAR SENT TO LOS ANGELES



FINAL

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

OLD LADY MUGGED IN THE BRONX

AGING COMEDIENNE SCORES BIG HIT



FINAL

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

TEENAGE VICE BARED IN SCHOOL

ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT OF G.O. APPOINTED



FINAL

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

HURRICANE WINDS HEADED FOR CITY

FAMED STRIPPER TO OPEN AT NIGHTCLUB



FINAL

DAILY BLUES

NEW YORK'S FRACTURED NEWSPAPER

10¢

MILLIONS KILLED BY POISON GAS

SCORES OF TERMITES
ROUTED BY NEW SPRAY



MAN BITES DOG

TAKES ONE NIP OF FRANKFURTER

The government is com-
mencing its campaign to stop
smoking by giving free
cigarettes out
of child care
centers.

People are always eatin'
to me and eatin' to
eat a cigar, so I'm

A big problem facing movie producers today is the task of devising new and more horrifying fiends to scare the pants off the kiddies of the world.

Monsters from space—from the bottom of the sea—from the fourth, fifth and sixth dimension—have been done and redone and kids are wise to them. They're just not making it any more. A new look is needed. But what's left?

We'll tell you what's left... What the movie moguls are overlooking are the basic, real life horrors that kids know all too well... And to get Hollywood started right, we've prepared this set of odds which shall be called—

REAL MOVIE MONSTERS FOR SMALL TYKES

HEAR HORRIBLE SCREAMS
SEE BEFORE DADDY EVEN
GETS THE BELT
SHUDDER DADDY TAKING A BELT
(B6 proof)
SHUDDER AS MOMMY
SCREAMS
YOU'LL GET



THE BELT

Starring Spanky McFarland Fanny Lice

A Hickok Production

WHAT SECRETS DID THESE
CONVERGING WALLS HOLD?!!

THE BAD CORNER

WHY DID SHE SCREAM
"GO STAND IN THE CORNER!"

WHAT HORRORS WERE BEING COVERED UP?
WHAT DIRTY SECRETS LURKED AT THE BOTTOM OF

THE DAILY BATH



Starring

Lava
Saap

Saapy
Sales

Mister
Bubbles

A Dial Production

YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN...

SUCH SCREAMING...

SUCH STOMPING...

SUCH DRAMA...

BLUE FACE

PRODUCTIONS

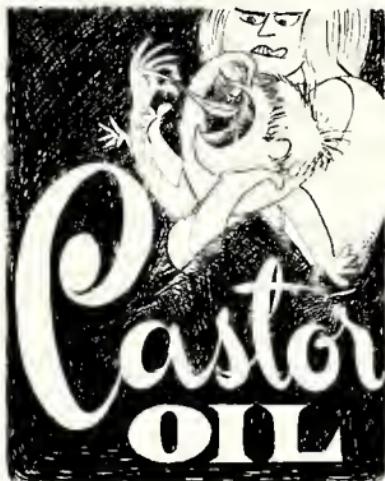
PRESENTS



TANTRUM

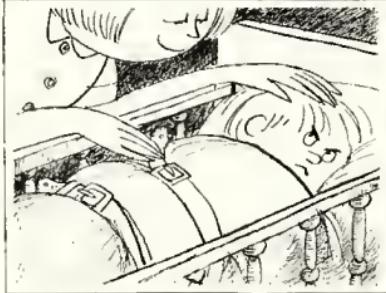
A KICK and STOMP Release

OF ALL THE HORRORS
THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING
LIKE THE HORROR OF...



A SLIPPERY PRODUCTION

IN THE BRIGHT AND SUNNY AFTERNOON
WHY WERE THEY FORCED TO TAKE —



THE NAP

A SLEEPER FILM

WHAT PSYCHOLOGICAL POWERS
DID THIS PIECE OF
WOOLEN SVENGALI HOLD?



Starring | Jean Simmons |
Jane Beautyrest | Sam Springmaid |
A PILLOW TALK RELEASE

The
Boogey

Man

at the

Top

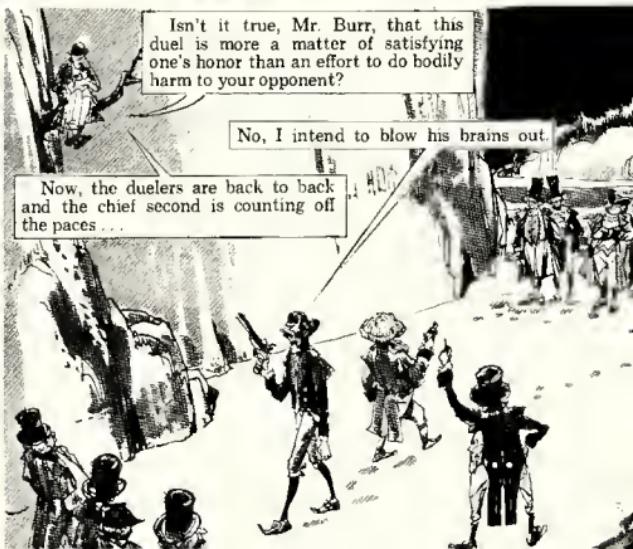
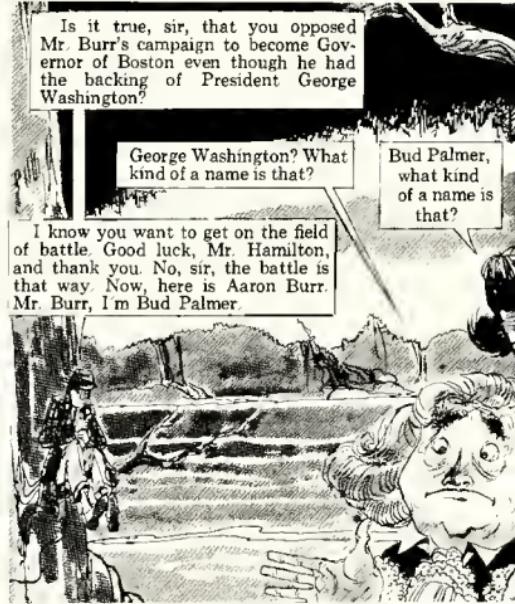
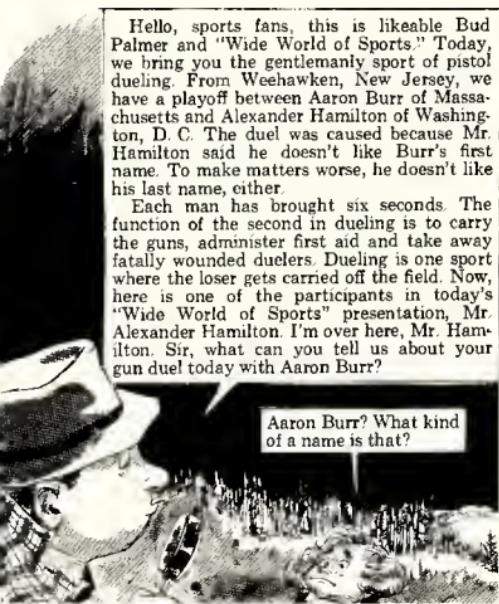
of

the

Stairs

WILD WORLD OF SPORTS

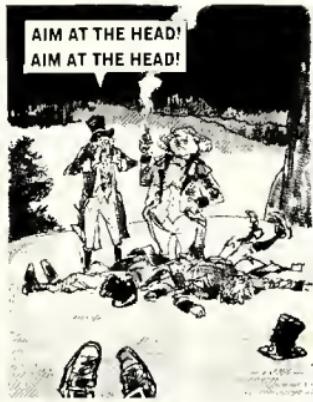
The one TV show we'd like to do is "Wide World of Sports" and mainly to cover the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. So here, through the wonder of imagination, is one of the great sporting events of all time—





I think this duel will be over soon, fans, they are running out of seconds.

I see Hamilton's last remaining second is shouting instructions to him.



That concludes the duel. Here is Aaron Burr. Sir, what can you tell us of today's duel? Did Mr. Hamilton have you worried at any time?

Only toward the end. He was getting mighty close. The last second he shot was my brother-in-law.

INTERVIEW

Art by Angelo Torres



SLAUGHTER On The Speedways

The way things have been going, this is how the Indianapolis Memorial Day 500-mile racing classic might sound next year.

Hi, racing fanatics, this is your commentator Hop Happenstance at Indianapolis for the big race.

As you probably know, the National Safety Council, a non-profit organization, has predicted 527 fatalities for this Memorial Day and that's just here on the Speedway. The drivers here aren't going to disappoint the Council, there have been six crashes just during the trials.

Remember, the race isn't over until they carry out the last fatality.

Well, fans, this is the best Indianapolis race ever—this race has had everything, an eight-car pile-up, gas fires, crowd hysteria, just everything you could ask for in one of these sporting classics.

Leading the 500-mile classic right now is a Porsche driven by King Danovan who, in turn, is driven by a strong death wish.

We'll interview King at his next pit stop—Hold it! I think there is a pile-up over at the far turn—

let's go to Sander Von Ocur at the far turn...

Yes, Fans, there is a big crash down at the far turn. One of the cars—a Ferrari, went over the wall and hurtled into the crowd. That ought to cut attendance...

The lead car in this crash is driven by Bennie Bolton. His car is in flames, but now miraculously, Bennie is walking away from the crash—right into the retaining wall. Now, here is one of the crash victims, bleeding and bruised. Tell me, what car were you driving?



A 1962 Plymouth.

Wonderful. Now, back to Hop at the pit stop.

Thanks, Sander. I have King Donovan with me. King, you are averaging 175 mph, what is it like out there?

It's a fast track.

I noticed you are going 195 on the straightaway and slowing down to 35 miles per hour on turns. Is that your plan to finish first?

I just want to finish.

Tell me, King, how do you like the new Cobra cars with the engine in the back?

I like it very much.

Why?

More trunk space.



Thank you, King Danavan. I know you're anxious to get back to that slaughter out there, but before you go back onto the track, I think I ought to tell you that you're an fire.

Look at King roll over on the pavement fans...

Our next guest is Tom Hawkins, who does the wonderful post-race show. Tom, who was to be your guest on your past-race show?



Well, Hap, I was going to have Harry Past, but he was part of that 16-car crash.

I missed that. There's been so much happening today.

You can still see the smoke. The Governor has declared it a disaster area.



Since Harry can't be an your show, who will be your new guest?

Harry's widow—Nora Past.

Nice thought, Tom. And here is the owner of the Indianapolis Speedway, Hennie Indianapolis. Hennie, there have been 27 crashes and 30 fatalities so far...will you comment on today's race?



Well, Hap, the race is going pretty much according to plan. You know, Hap, this year we have closed circuit TV into psychiatric wards across the country so that the sadist shut-ins who can't come to the track, will still be able to enjoy the crashes.

Nice thought, Hennie. Tell me, are you planning any improvements at Indianapolis?

I'm glad you asked. We are planning to install several new safety precautions at the Speedway.

And what form will these new safety precautions take, Hennie?

Better lighting in the rest rooms.

That will save a lot of accidents. Thanks for speaking with us, Hennie.



Fans, we have to go back to the studio, but before we do, I'd like to remind you that you don't have to come out to the Indianapolis Speedway on Memorial Day to see this wholesale slaughter of cars and men. Just go out on any one of our nation's highways on Sunday afternoon. And when you do, ask yourself this question: "Why drive carefully?"

Look at it this way—The life you save—could be a no-good bum.



EDITORIAL CONFERENCE

SCENE: Editorial offices of a humor magazine. Cast: Editors at an editorial meeting.

All right, fellas, could you keep the leg irons quiet? Gang, it's that time of the month again — we have to fill up the magazine with humor. Whose wallet should we go through this month? All right, Harry the Pickpocket, whose wallet do you have? Nelson Rockefeller? Let me see it. Harry, there was money in this wallet. If you need money, sell some T-shirts. That's how I made it. What ideas do you have for us, Jerry?

How about doing a Reader?

Another Reader? We ran six of them in the last issue — five is our limit. How about you, Nick. Any suggestions?



I've got a new writer.

A new writer? Don't you know our policy? Same old writers, same old jokes. Same old readers coming back for more, and more, and more . . . Let's play it safe. We haven't had a law suit since Kurtzman, Caruso and Levine left.



We haven't had an original article since Kurtzman, Caruso and Levine left.

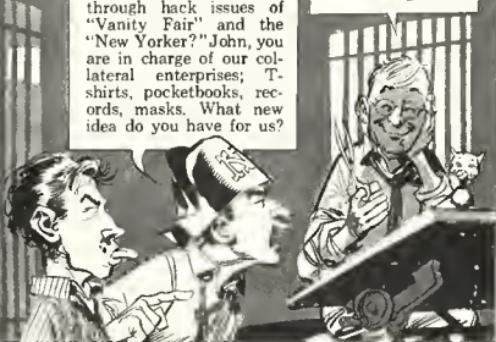
How about our cover? Where is our cover artist, Kelly Frigid?

He's home looking for inspiration.



How much inspiration does it take to thumb through hack issues of "Vanity Fair" and the "New Yorker"? John, you are in charge of our collateral enterprises; T-shirts, pocketbooks, records, masks. What new idea do you have for us?

Why not put out a humor magazine?



Wise guy. Fellas, speaking of humor magazines, we are losing our audience. You see guys, our magazine is aimed at kids 11 years old. We have to start writing up to these kids if we want to keep them. Right now, you're aiming at the six year olds and these kids don't have any money for magazines. All their cash goes to booze. Now, let's kick around some article ideas. What do you have, Nick?

Don Marvin did a cartoon series — "I was a Prude at Vassar."



What do you have for us, Jerry?

I've got a copy of SICK.

We did that last month

No, this is the new copy of SICK.



Why didn't you say so — Our problem is solved. Let me have it. Boy, they use crummy paper. Here's something we can use.

This is no good — they stole it from us.



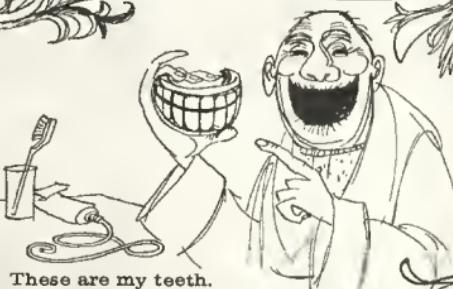
Primers ore always written for kids when they're in their first childhood
but there's never been one for kids the second time round — namely when
they reach the oge of senility and it starts all over again, like this...

PRIMER FOR A

Look at the pretty rocker!
It is my pretty rocker.
I can sit for hours on end.
Rock, rock, rock.
I love my pretty rocker.
I love to sit on my rocker.
I love to rock on my rocker.
I never want to be off my rocker.



See the little children?
They are my little grandchildren.
They run and jump up on my knee.
They laugh and climb up on my lap.
They scream and pile up on my back.
I love it when they come to play.
I hate it when they go away.
Because that's when I can't straighten out



These are my teeth.
See how nice and white they are?
Don't you wish you had teeth like mine?
Don't you wish you bought some too?
My teeth are very small and dainty.
Sometimes I look and I can't find them.
I almost bit myself to death.



This is my gold watch.
My company gave it to me.
I worked there for fifty years.
They should have given me a calendar.
What can I do with a watch?
At my age I don't need one.
I asked them what I should do with it.
They told me.

Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Arnold Franchioni

SECOND CHILDHOOD

FOR KIDDIES OVER 90

See the pretty underwear?
These are my longjohns.
I wear them to keep me warm.
I just itch to put them on.
Nobody knows about my longjohns.
I keep it a secret.
See the trap door in the hack?
That is my hideout.

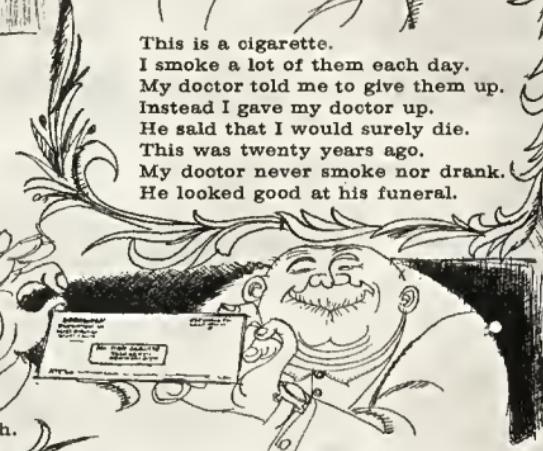
My, what have we here?
It is a hot water bag!
I play with my hot water bag.
It is my favorite toy.
I always keep it at my side.
I take it to bed with me at night.
It's the only thing that keeps me warm.
What else?

See the lovely letter?
It is a letter from my son.
He writes me every week.
He is the good son.
He should live and be well.
I like getting letters from my son.
I like to hear from him.
Even if it's only a couple of dollars.



Oh, what have we here?
It is a bowl!
What is in the bowl?
It is my medicine.
It is better than the doctor's medicine.
See how it sparkles and shines?
It will cure me of all my ills.
It is chicken soup.

This is my Social Security check.
I get one every month.
It cost me a lot to collect now.
I paid in a lot of money.
I paid in a thousand dollars.
I paid in for fifty years.
Now they are paying me back.
They are giving me forty dollars a month.



This is a telephone.
It rings all the time.
I go over and pick it up.
It is not for me.
I walk away very sad.
Did you ever hear anything like it?
I never heard anything like it.
A son shouldn't call up once a week?



What a pretty wheelchair!
Wouldn't you like to sit on it?
Let's go riding down the hall.
Ride, ride, ride.
I like to play with my wheelchair.
But I don't really need one.
It's just nice to have around.
If I want to move from one place to another.

See the crowd of people?
They are always in the park.
They just sit around and talk.
Talk, talk, talk.

Sometimes they sit and play checkers.
Sometimes they sit and just look.
I don't like to play with them.
They're a hunch of old fogies.



These are my bi-focals.
I have lots of different kinds.
Lots, lots, lots.
I have one for reading.
I have one for writing.
I even have pairs for walking and eating.
Still it doesn't help me.
I haven't got one for seeing.

This is an old folk's home.
It has lots of lovely things.
It has ping pong and television.
And game rooms and movies.
It must be fun to play in there.
I have never been inside.
My children told me about it.
They're the ones I live with now.

Look at the pretty hottles!
One is filled with prune juice.
I drink it every morning.
The other is filled with buttermilk.
I drink it every night.
Did you ever hear of such a diet?
I don't know whether I'm coming or going!



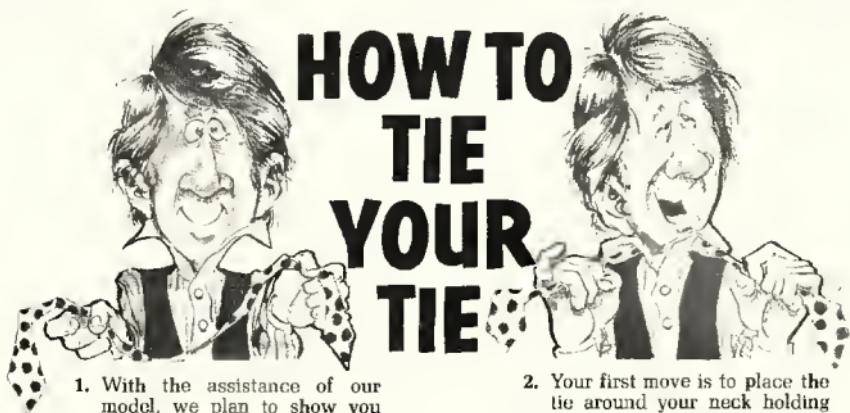
This is my hairpiece.
I wear it when I go to town.
It makes me look years younger.
It makes me look sixty again.
I also have new teeth and a glass eye.
And padding in all my clothing.
I want to make a good appearance.
I want people to like me for myself. 23

The Mod revolution has created some serious problems for the style-conscious young swinger. Take tie tying, for example. Ties had either been abandoned by the young set or become so thin that knots had been improvised

if not pre-set by the manufacturer.

Now, the man-sized Mod is here and the young fashionable can no longer fake the knot. It is with justifiable pride, therefore, that we present this much needed simple instruction feature.

HOW TO TIE YOUR TIE



1. With the assistance of our model, we plan to show you the proper way to tie your tie.



3. Now still holding the one end in your left hand, loop the right end around under the left end, then hold both ends.



5. Wait — wait a minute! Is it loop the looped end through the short long end? —

2. Your first move is to place the tie around your neck holding the ends in front of you thusly.



4. After this simple maneuver, stick the long end through the looped shorter end—or is it stick the shorter end through the looped long end? —



6. The End.

EBB Taylor

The Advertising Industry is growing rapidly. Many agencies are now "public owned", which means they are on the stock market, which also means that millions of ordinary citizens now participate in the great Madison Avenue business of huckstering.

To cater to this growing group, the Adventure Magazine Field might consider a more specialized publication, like this...

MADISON AVENUE MAN'S ADVENTURE

magazine

THE TIME I GOT SMASHED!
At The Office Christmas Party

MY LIFE AND DEATH RACE
AGAINST THE CLOCK!
To Catch The 8:02

THEY CLOBBED ME IN A WILD STAMPEDE!
At The Coffee Break

I WAS STABBED BY A STRANGER!
Wearing Painted Italian Shoes

THE MOST AGONIZING DAY OF MY LIFE!
When They Put Starch In My Jockey Shorts

I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A TIGER!
In My Tank

THE DAY I ALMOST
CHOKED TO DEATH!
Wearing A 12-Button Suit

MY STOMACH WAS COVERED WITH BLOOD!
From My Ulcer

A FURIOUS DASH TO THE DEATH!
Along The Merritt Parkway

TERROR IN THE OFFICE:
When My Wife Caught Me With My Secretary

AND MANY OTHER GUTSY ARTICLES



Script by Paul Lelkin Art by Bob Powell



I Kept Gasp ing For Breath
As My Whole Body Went Limp

The Time I Got SMASHED

at the Office Christmas Party!

AN ADVERTISING
MAN'S ORDEAL:

by A. K. Smedley



All around me the wild grotesque nightmare was in full swing. The whole scene was in utter chaos and vibrated with the ear-piercing screams of terrified young girls being chased around desks by drunk-crazed white-collar men. Everywhere there were victims staggering about, some lying motionless in a wine-drenched stupor. Lecherous old men went completely berserk and pursued frightened young file-clerks from room to room. Bloody Marys and Pink Ladys were being downed in every nook and corner. Bodies were falling all over the place. It was a hideous spectacle to behold!

And right in the middle of it all I lay there on the floor writhing in agony. I found myself getting smashed and smashed, right and left. I felt my guts slipping away. No matter how I tried I couldn't lift myself off the ground. I crawled along in excruciating pain, searching desperately for some way to escape the sadistic horde!

It was the most horrifying experience of my life. And the ironic part of it all was that this was just a normal working day at the office. It wasn't even Christmas yet. The party wasn't supposed to be until two weeks later!

A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE'S NIGHTMARE:

MY LIFE AND DEATH RACE AGAINST THE CLOCK!

TO CATCH THE 8:02

by T. S. GLICK

Each fleeting second seemed like an agonizing eternity. It was barely 12 minutes to the fateful deadline and here I was painfully behind schedule. I had to get there on time or all would be lost. I had to make it or give up everything. I had to catch that 8:02 Express out of Kingsport! To miss it would mean the most horrible catastrophe my family and I ever faced. The boss had made it clear from the beginning— we would all starve to death if I got fired!

Only minutes before I was lying on my bed never dreaming I would soon be so close to disaster. My wife nudged me. "You idiot," she bellowed in a large booming voice, "it's 7:23!" I stared at her in disbelief. "You can't mean that, honey," I screamed. With that she pounced on me and started hitting me over the head until it finally sunk in. I was going to be late!

Quick as a flash I grabbed my clothes and made a mad dash to the door. It was 7 short blocks to the station and I could not face the thought of failing. A lot was depending on split-second timing. Racing furiously along the hard cold cobblestone I gasped for breath with each frantic step. It was now only 3 minutes away and I felt my heart pounding with terror as my legs started crumbling under me!

With a last desperate surge forward I staggered into the station. As I lay there panting and clutching my chest I gazed up at the clock. I had made it just in time but there was no train in sight. The whole scene was quiet and deserted. Suddenly a gnawing, terrifying realization came to me. It was Sunday! I wasn't supposed to be at work until the following day!

Racing Furiously Along
I Knew I Had Ta Make It
Or Face Certain Disaster!



They CLOBBERED Me in a Wild STAMPEDE at the coffee Break



by I. R. BLEEDING

They were like a pack of hungry animals ravaging everything in their path. Like Pavlov's dogs, when the ball rang the saliva dripped from their twisted lips and ran down their crazed perverse faces. Running amok down staircases and into elevators, they were insatiable as pandemonium broke loose. I slipped and fell and was dragged 18 feet by a berserk bookkeeper. Soon all sorts of foods were flying about me. I was hit in the groin by a seltzer bottle!

It took exactly 15 minutes. When it was all over the whole area was strewn with broken coke bottles, torn Drake's cake wrappers and assorted nuts from O. Henry bars. Suddenly, as the maddening din had all but vanished, there came the eerie clangor sound of another bell. This time it was for the *real* coffee break! The bell before had been a fire alarm! While everyone was out on this food orgy all their desks had burned down!

HOW WE RETIRED TO BRAZIL ON \$1500 A MONTH



It was so easy a file-clerk could have gotten away with it! There was this bi-monthly payroll plus the Christmas bonuses. All we did was take it with us when everyone was out on a coffee break. Now we're living it up in sunny Brazil where they can't touch us. For more details drop us a card today.

PHONY-X Insurance Company
of Brazil

which is another way of adding to our income as we now underwrite phony insurance policies!

Will you spend \$2 to LOSE your hair?



It may be alright for people in show business to walk around with a full head of hair, but on Madison Avenue it just isn't done. For the well-groomed executive it's all crewcut. That's the chic Ivy League way. If your hair grows too fast we will show you how to lose it—just enough so that you have a permanent crew-cut. What we do is get right down to the roots of your head and destroy your hair up to a point—the point on your head, that is. Look like a real executive. Send \$2 today for our magic formula. If it doesn't work you'll tear your hair out trying to get your money back—so either way you can't lose!

CHARLES ANTHILL

SCALP, ME.

I WAS STABBED BY A STRANGER

Wearing Pointed Italian Shoes

by S. S. STOREY

It was all so bizarre and uncanny I couldn't believe it even after the blood started trickling down my left ankle. There I was standing next to this total stranger in an East Side bar when all of a sudden I felt a sharp jabbing thrust. I looked down to see what had caused this sensation but there was nothing in sight. Yet there was this gory pulsating wound and there was I wincing in bitter agony!

As I doubled up from the pain I saw for the first time the horrifying weapon that had wounded me. There on the feet of the stranger beside me was the most pointed pair of Italian shoes I had ever seen! They were so pointed the tips glistened and shone.

"Get me his name!" I screamed as I fell to the floor. Fortunately he was known to the bartender who called the police as the man fled. Although he is still at large I shall never forget his name. This man with the French cuffs, the Swiss watch, the Irish linen handkerchief and the Hong Kong suit was Max Schwartz—he was the one who stabbed me!



BE A CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD



No matter if you're now an office boy or an Executive Vice-President, if you send for our special correspondence course in just 3 short weeks you can be a Chairman of any Board you choose. We carry a large assortment of boards for you to pick from—exciting plywood, dynamic teak or the sophisticated new two-by-four. Act today. You'll soon be knocking on wood that you did!

"I CAN MAKE A
NEW EXECUTIVE
OF YOU IN ONLY
30 DAYS,"

says C. B. Strongarm

Business World's Most
Perfectly Developed Executive



To look at me now you'd never believe that I was once a 97 lb. office boy! Today I'm famous the world over as a two-fisted hard-hitting man of steel — mainly because that's what I'm an executive in! And how did I accomplish all this? How did I rise to the top of the heap? Simple! Hard work, exercise and fierce determination—that's what did it! How else would I have ever gotten the boss' daughter to marry me? If you want to get ahead in the business world then send for my free booklet today!

BOX T.O.P.

HOW TO
SUCCEED
IN
BUSINESS
WITHOUT
REALLY
SUCCEEDING

SICLY, ILL

COPY WANTED To Be Set To Music

Send us your favorite copywriting piece, campaign slogan, ad blurb or any other advertising material you have written and we will set it to music. Our pupils are now flooding TV and Radio with jingles we've done. Any minute they expect to sell one. You can be the first! Act today—before our lease expires!

JINGLE INC.

OMYPA, PA.

LAST WEEK I MADE \$235,"

says R. J. Smedley

"padding
my
expense
account!"

Earn big money right on your job—without investing any extra time at all. It's so easy when you know how. All you do is juggle a few figures around. Let trained experts teach you. Send now for free booklet.

No. 149732

Leavenworth

ATTENTION CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME—IN SPARE TIME

It's a well-known fact that people with no education have risen to the top and hire college graduates to do their work for them. But look at all you're missing! So you left in the 3rd grade to get a job and worked your way up! This doesn't mean you shouldn't know about Algebra and Frog Dissection! Add a new dimension to your life. Walk into that next Board Meeting with a High School Diploma in your hands! Write today:



MANSION STUDY COURSE
DIPLO, MO.

The Ten Commandments

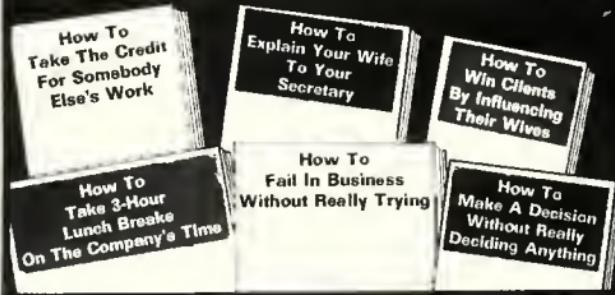
For The Madison Avenue Executive



- Thou shalt have no other gods but thy employer
- Thou shalt not take the name of thy corporation in vain
- Thou shalt not covet thy client's goods
- Thou shalt not steal from thy company's funds
- Thou shalt not commit adulterated products
- Thou shalt not kill a successful promotion campaign
- Thou shalt not worship unsalable items
- Thou shalt not bear real witness against thy sponsor's wares
- Thou shalt not carry more than \$50 in cash with thee
- Thou shalt not have any other commandments but these



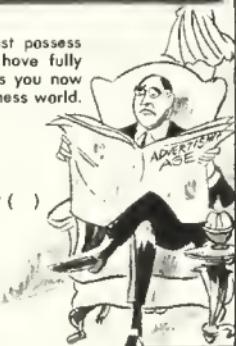
ANY 5 BOOKS FOR \$1
WHEN YOU JOIN THE
HOW-TO BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
FOR EXECUTIVES
Madison Avenue, N.Y.
(Send today for free coupon)



What is Your Executive Status?

To be a successful executive today you must possess certain "Status Symbols" to show that you have fully arrived. Check each of the following symbols you now have and see what your status is in the business world.

- A home in Westport ()
- A daughter at Wellesley ()
- A British-speaking secretary ()
- An unlisted answering service number ()
- Two keys to the Men's Room ()
- A five-button Ivy League suit ()
- Monogrammed jockey shorts ()
- A fur-lined attache case ()
- A lifetime Playboy key ()
- A chronic stomach ulcer ()



Are you making mistakes
in Madison Avenue

INGLESH

In order to be a more successful Madison Avenue man you have to know how to talk like one. Plain old-fashioned good English simply won't do nowadays. You have to color your speech with sophisticated phrases like "run it up the flagpole and see who salutes it"—or "here's one off the top of my head"—or even "make that a very dry martini, waiter!" Send today for a complete correspondence course which teaches you a whole new English language. It'll grab you, baby. It'll grab you!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
BRONX, N.Y.

Lonely?

Meet Attractive
Women Executives



If you've been thinking it's time to merge we have just the company for you. Our clients are top drawer professionals from all walks of industry. All replies held confidential. Each meeting strictly hush-hush. In fact, everything's so secret you don't even give us your right name. Just contact us and we'll fix you up. Then we send you our bill and you will fix us up!

MERGERS INC. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Can you draw this?



If you can duplicate the above piece of artwork it shows that you have talent as a creative executive. Send us your name for free booklet showing just how far this talent can take you. Enclose your bank balance so we can determine just how far we can take you!

INFAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOL
WESTPORT, CONN.

ATTENTION EXECUTIVES:

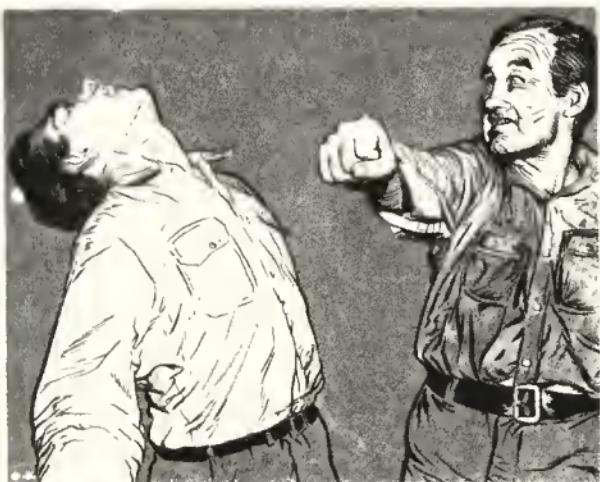
RENT A LONGSHOREMAN

FOR
YOUR
NEXT
PARTY

Pep up that sophisticated but dull cocktail party with a real-live honest-to-goodness hairy cursing longshoremen complete in dirty uniform.

Watch the ladies blush when he tells those filthy gutter stories. Watch the men quiver when he grabs their wives and starts making love to them. Watch your own self panic when he shakes you down for more money than you agreed to pay him.

Our longshoremen come in all shapes, sizes and colors. Send for free brochure today and say goodbye to party boredom.



PARTY RENT-ALLS

MASH, MICH.

MADISON AVENUE SHOPPING MART

IMPROVE YOUR VOICE

Have More Authority
On Your Job



Workers will stop to your call if your voice comes over loud and clear. This item is guaranteed to make you heard anywhere in the office.

BIG NEW IDEAS IN JOCKEY SHORTS

- Grey Flannel
- Fur-Lined
- Mink-Covered
- Fully-Starched

Look important
Feel important
Walk important



Remember: It's what's up front that counts!
UNDERWEAR UNLIMITED CREEP, ENG.

Why bother with your crabgrass at all?

Just paint it green!



Our handy green paint product makes your crabgrass look like freshly-mowed grass. Just smear it over those unsightly roots and it will stay that way forever. As long as it doesn't rain, that is!

CRABGRASS KILLERS INC. CADIA, VER.

MADISON AVENUE MAN OF THE MONTH

An Award For Outstanding Achievement
In The World of Advertising



B.J. FINKHART

New York, N.Y.

For introducing such artistic advertising concepts as ten-foot washers, white tornados, Ajax knights, jolly green giants and drained sinus cavities, this award is humbly given—and to show the appreciation of our entire industry the above named individual is hereby awarded the Edsel Account to be his for life.

LOOKING FOR NEW DEPENDANTS TO CLAIM?

We Supply The People—
You Deduct Them
From Your Income Tax



What we do is send as many people as you order to your home and you support them. You feed them, clothe them, comfort them—and then deduct them from your Income Tax. Write today for list of people available and rates for each.

PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

OOLA, LA.

I got my job thru the New York Times



Read your Classified Want Ads



"Miss Jones, take a suicide note."

**8 X 10 GLOSSY
PINUPS OF EXCITING
GIRLS
IN INDUSTRY**

Ivy Boker Priest, Pat Ward and many others in doing, revealing poses. Full set of 12 for only \$1. Comes in unmarked charcoal grey envelope.

I. J. Klaw SCARSDALE PHOTOS

In Next Issue:

- I WAS ALMOST CRUSHED TO DEATH!
By The Paperwork On My Desk
- THE TWO-TON GREYHOUNDS WERE AFTER ME!
But I took An Intercity Bus Instead
- TOSSED HIGH UP IN THE AIR!
But Nobody Saluted It
- THE CASE OF THE POISON-PEN COPYWRITER



PIN-UP PICTURES OF THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL FILE-CLERKS
IN THE WORLD AND MANY OTHER
TWO-FISTED ARTICLES



ON SALE SOON
In your favorite commutator car

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING
and still wants more!

MAKE BIG MONEY

Also Small, Medium
And King-Size Money



You'll be making more money than you've ever dreamed possible with our proven success formula. The supply is endless.

ITCHING IN MEN

RELIEVED LIKE MAGIC



No messy cream,
no leaky powder,
no nothing

Use this handy gadget and your itching problems vanish with each application. Will last a long time—which is great for people with 7-year itch.

WANT TO GET THAT RAISE?

This Sure-Fire Method
Can't Miss!



The only way to be sure of getting that raise is to go in and shoot from the hip. Be a straight shooter and you can't miss! Send for this top calibre item and you'll go over with a big bang!

LEARN TO CONTROL OTHERS WITH YOUR MIND



It's All In
The Know-How

**Little BLACK-
MAIL Book**

Our correspondence course teaches you how to have a more forceful personality so that you can overwhelm others.

FOR PRICE LIST AND CATALOGUE
WRITE
WIERDO BROTHERS MISHU, GA

The latest outdoor sport practiced by New York City vandals is heaving stones and heavier missiles at passing New Haven RR trains. These attacks have become so violent that they have turned portions of the New Haven commuter line into a battleground, known as the "Murmansk Run." Last week, nine trains got through the commuter's "No Man's Land", but unfortunately, the passengers on the trains didn't.

RAILROAD NO-MAN'S LAND



This is Grand Central Information Booth calling New Haven Railroad's 4:20 Stamford Local. Come in, Stamford Local.

Hella, Grand Central Information Booth, this is 4 20 Stamford Local. I am approaching the battle zone.

What are they throwing at you?

Everything. A heavy barrage of ground fire. I'm going to try to take her through.

STAMFORD LOCAL! STAMFORD LOCAL! TURN BACK! TURN BACK! You don't have a chance of getting through.

They've knocked out our engine. I'm going to try to make it to Mount Vernon.



Don't be a fool, man.
Turn back, while there's
still time. That's an order.
Hello? Stamford 4:20 Local.
Grand Central calling —
Can you hear me? Report
in, please.



Another one lost. Where
will it end?

SURGERY

What's wrong, Cliff?

The 4:20 Local to Stamford
hit by heavy fire past
138th Street.

NEW HAVEN
STAMFORD LOG
NEW YORK
CITY
DAILY NEWS



Snap out of it, Cliff,
we've lost trains before.

My son was an that train.

Gary? But he was just
a kid. A foolish, brave kid.

I didn't bring my kid up to
be a trainman, Chet.
When he reached 18,
he just signed up.



Just a kid — a foolishly
brave kid

Don't you see, Chet?
He couldn't stand idly by
while other men fought
his battle. Martha and I
told him not to go.
He wouldn't listen.



A kid — a bravely, foolish
kid

Now, we've lost that
foolishly, brave — bravely
foolish kid...



Pardon me, could you tell
me what time the next
train leaves for
Mamaroneck?

All right, I'll tell you...
but that's not going to
bring my son back.



KAMIKAZE CPA

Have you ever wondered what would have happened if the Japanese air force hired an accountant firm to study why their Kamakazi force was so costly? Of course, you have. Here is Frank Gotham of Gotham & Son. (Frank Gotham and Nat Aronson) addressing a group of high-ranking Japanese Air Force officers during World War II.

Fellas, I'm here to tell you what you're doing wrong. In the first place, it is very hard to audit your books, because you don't keep any books. I want to tell you, kiddies, you can't run an Air Force like a laundry.

I audited one mission. You sent 575 Kamikazi planes on the mission and none came back. Wouldn't you think at least *one*—maybe *two*—would come back? It leads me to think you have the world's worst flyers. Yes, General? You have crack pilots? You're right — they keep cracking up.

We think we found the reason for this—not enough training. I spoke to one Kamakazi pilot before take-off and he told me he had two hours training . . . driving a tank. I watched his take-off, he tried to make the plane go up the side of a mountain.



Another thing — the construction of your planes: I know you made them out of junk from the 3rd Avenue L Subway in New York City, but I saw one plane running on tracks. I saw one plane that was made out of an orange crate.

What, General? That was a naval plane?



Now, as for your fight tactics. Your planes dive into their target. It's great for the new-reels but rough on the planes. Have you ever thought of letting your planes carry bombs? You fly over the target, not into it. It's sneaky, but remember Pearl Harbor. If you forgot so soon, I'll sing it for you.



Any questions? Yes, General Hojo? Your men want to die for the Emperor? They should live so long, sweetie.



A SPECIAL SECTION PICTORIALLY REPORTING

SICK-NIFICANT NEWS OF THE WORLD

ONE OF the big topics of the day is "lying in Government" with high Republican officials claiming that the Administration is hiding facts from the people, like: What really happened to Lyndon Johnson? and the number of Russian troops in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.



In recent weeks three top Pentagon officials offered to submit to lie detector tests and Senator Everett Dirksen (R-Ill.) had this to say about "lying in government": "The acorns of deception from which the mighty oak of doubt has sprung..." Good old Ev. He always has the right word for the right occasion. Now, you couldn't make it any plainer than that.



As for lie detector tests, they are not reliable. They only catch you in big lies, not little ones. If they ask you: who discovered America? And you answer "Akim Tamiroff," the detector will register: "DIRTY, ROTTEN LIAR." But if they ask: "Do you think Spring Byington is getting old?" And you answer: "I think that she's maturing," the lie detector will go along with you.

George Washington invented the lie detector. He made Benedict Arnold take a loyalty oath to a lie detector and Arnold passed with flying colors. He had his fingers crossed.



Modern lie detector techniques are more exacting. Today, the first question they ask you is: "Are your fingers crossed?" Washington asked Arnold: "Are you a British spy?" Arnold said no and he was right. He was an American spy, working for the British.



Later, a lie detector strapped Arnold. He said Spring Byington was young and no lie detector is going to stand still for that. You tell that to Spring Byington and she'll call you a liar. Had he got by the Spring Byington question, Benedict Arnold would have never been caught.

Arnold was hung from a flagpole. His death is recounted in a book by the soldier who hung him. It's called "I RAISED BENEDICT ARNOLD."



General Arnold's last request was to be buried on top of Mt. Everest. The U.S. Government tried to comply with his request, but they kept losing pallbearers.

Nathan Hale was buried at sea. He wanted to save on flowers every year. Robert Fulton was buried in the Mississippi River at Kansas City, Missouri. He finally came to rest in New Orleans, Louisiana.



Talk about strange burials - Myron Cohen's grandfather and grandmother were buried in a fountain in front of their home. Myron will be buried there too, so someday there will be Three Cohens in the Fountain.

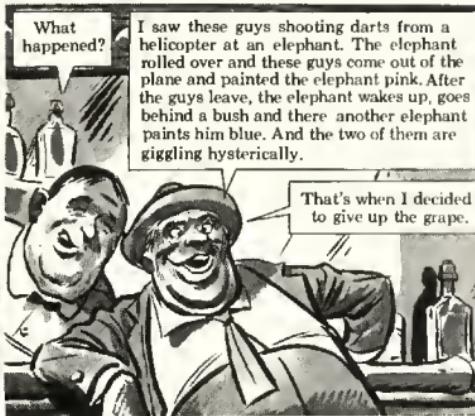


COLORED ELEPHANTS

KENYA—Elephants in Kenya are being colored pink or blue by a team of scientists so they can study the elephants' migratory habits. The teams spot the elephants from helicopters; knock out selected animals with drugged darts fired from crossbows and then paint them. The pink color indicates the elephants were found in one province and the blue indicates they are from another.

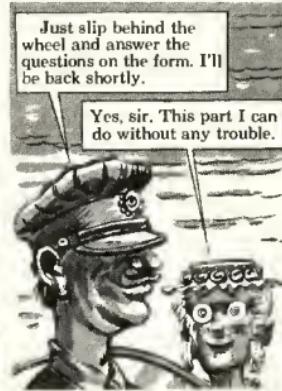
No one knows why elephants migrate. Perhaps for better jobs. We can't help wondering what this experiment is going to do to heavy drinkers in the region.

Scene: Bar in Kenya.



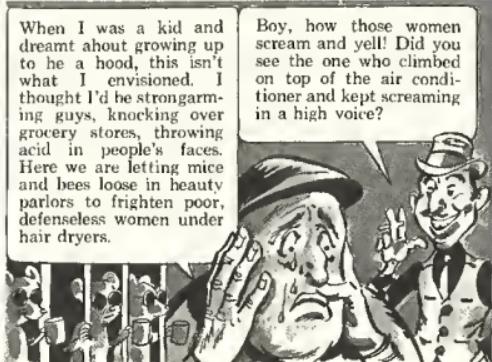
ROAD HAZARD

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND—Britishers here claim to have found the world's worst driver. She is Margaret Hunter, 64, who has been taking driving lessons for 25 years. She has had 42 lessons and on her last driving test she took the car about 100 yards and plowed into a truck.



NEWS ITEM: Hoodlums used a new approach in trying to unionize 1200 Queens, N.Y. beauty shops. According to police, the hoodlums let loose mice and bees in an attempt to terrorize the beauty shops.

SCENE: Hoodlum Headquarters, Queens. Two hoods surrounded by cages of mice and bees.



DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: Latest Junta Overthrows a Junta

SCENE: Meeting of revolutionary forces in basement. Leader addresses group.

Fellas, we've got to cut out these juntas . . . The last uprising we had, we displaced our own leaders . . . Our forces didn't realize they were revolting against themselves. I think we're going to have to wear different colored uniforms or something.

I think we need to cut out street fighting—it's getting dangerous.

We can't do that—the street fighting is a big tourist attraction. We've made the Huntley-Brinkley report for the last four weeks running—you can't buy that kind of publicity.

Then, let's cut out assassinations. Trujillo's assassination got us into all this trouble. Who ordered Trujillo killed anyway?

I think Trujillo did. One of his aids told him someone in the Dominican Republic was taking on dictatorial powers and Trujillo ordered the man assassinated before he heard who it was.

We've got to stop looting Trujillo's homes. What happened to those art treasures he had?

I got most of them, but my men had a hell of a time keeping the looters away from the palace until I got them out.

Leader, the people want to hear you speak—they have gathered in the street.

People of Santo Domingo. I have ruled you wisely and well since I took over my office this morning . . .

Some people just can't stand authority . . .

HEADLINE: SOVIET MISSION TAKES NEW QUARTERS

New York—Soviet UN mission moved to new quarters
on Park Avenue

SCENE: FRONT DOOR OF SOVIET HEADQUARTERS

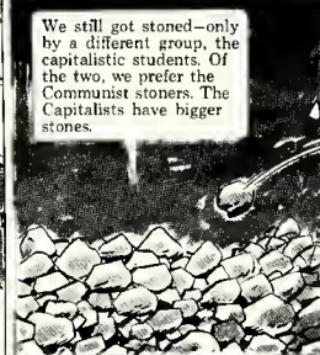
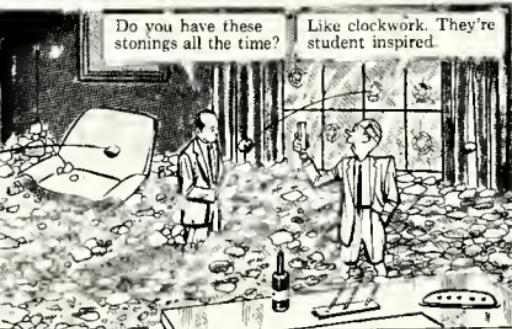
Art by Ernest Schroeder



EUROPE

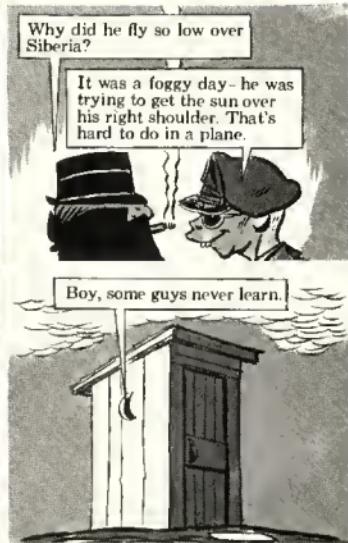
NEWS ITEM: The American Embassy in Karata, Indonesia, was stoned again today. This is the 16th time the Embassy has been stoned. No one was injured but windows were broken. The stoning was student inspired.

SCENE: A typical working day at the American Embassy. A new arrival is greeted by the U.S. Ambassador. A man on ladder is repairing the windows broken in previous stonings



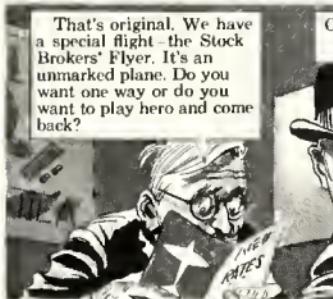
Headline: Reds Claim Another U-2 Incident

Scene: CIA Headquarters—CIA Head is talking to Air Force Colonel



HEADLINE: Financiers Escape Extradition in Brazil

Scene: Travel Agency.



NEWS ITEM. Police arrested two men in Queens for running a policy

We'd like to know how they did this —

You said the two men the police arrested posed as pilots. How did they do that?

They wore airline uniforms, always left carrying suitcases and they dated airline stewardesses . . . I know stewardesses only go out with pilots. They drink together in the air-

What airlines did these men say they flew for?

How did he explain that?

They said they were test pilots for an unscheduled airline. They used to tell me their flight numbers— If I had bet those numbers, I would have made a fortune. Once one of the men said he was flying flight 345. The next day I saw in the paper that Flight 345 had crashed.



NEWS ITEM: Edinburgh—Mrs. Mary Campbell said today doctors them instead of eating them. "I started eating cigarettes months

SCENE: Campbell home — three months ago.

Darling, what's for dinner?

A carton of Pall Malls and Luckies au gratin.

That was a delicious lunch we had today — Winston sure tastes good like a cigarette should.

I'm not cooking any more filter cigarettes—the filter traps get caught in my teeth.

When are we going to have some more of the new cigarette — Yorks?

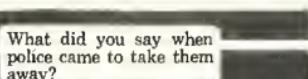
Soon, and have you seen how people notice what you're eating when you're eating Yorks?



racket. Their landlady said the two men had posed as airline pilots . . .

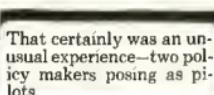


He told me he had bailed out during take-off. Every night they used to stay up late in their apartment reading numbers from pieces of paper—I thought they were counting plane tickets. I'd say, "Nice day" and they'd look into the sky and comment—"If the overhang stays up there." Another thing that fooled me—on Air Force Day they flew a flag from their window . . .



What did you say when police came to take them away?

I asked the police what they had done—they told me they had been taking bets. "On planes?" I asked. When the police took them away, they saluted me and sang "Into the wild blue yonder."

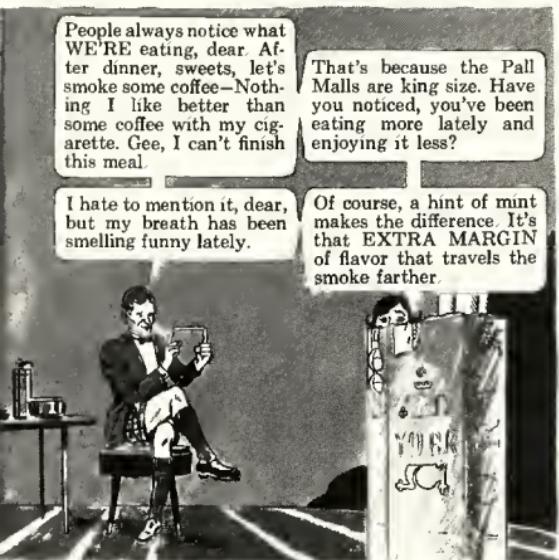


That certainly was an unusual experience—two policy makers posing as pilots.

I wasn't the only one they fooled—I understand they flew four passenger planes to Chicago.



cured her of her special craving for cigarettes—she now smokes ago. I was eating as much as 100 a day," Mrs. Campbell stated.



People always notice what WE'RE eating, dear. After dinner, sweets, let's smoke some coffee—Nothing I like better than some coffee with my cigarette. Gee, I can't finish this meal.

That's because the Pall Malls are king size. Have you noticed, you've been eating more lately and enjoying it less?

I hate to mention it, dear, but my breath has been smelling funny lately.

Of course, a hint of mint makes the difference. It's that EXTRA MARGIN of flavor that travels the smoke farther.

Frankly, darling, I'm just a little worried about our diet. I know there's nothing wrong with eating cigarettes, but lately, I've developed a taste for matches and it's got me pretty upset.



It's all right, dear. Just as long as you don't inhale.

LEFTOVER ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

During the past campaign, one of the candidates missed no opportunity to demonstrate his horsemanship. It was a wild sight seeing him galloping a spirited steed, silver mounted saddle and gaudy trappings onto an Indian reservation to deliver a speech.

"As I rode up over the horizon yonder," he bellowed, "I saw squaws washing clothes by the riverside, pummeled them on rocks even as your ancestors did. I intend to see an electric washing machine installed in every teepee."

The Indians broke into loud cries of "Groovah, groovah!"

The candidate beatened and continued. "And I see that your roads are nothing but mudholes. Well, I shall see that new concrete roads are built."

"Again the Indians shouted, "Groovah, groovah!"

The candidate broke into his broadest grin and soared to a climax. "If elected I intend to see that your noble Chief drives a limousine as big as mine and a new car is parked in front of every wigwam."

He bowed, while the Indians roared out their mightiest "Groovah" and the Chief stepped forward to present a war bonnet to the jubilant horseman. As the candidate prepared to dismount, the Chief suddenly cried out. "Be careful, sir. Don't step in the groovah..."

A Banker had a secret love and you know how tough it is to keep a secret...

Peter Lorre, late film actor recently exhumed by a Satanic Cult in Oklahoma, said he will resuote picture making in two months. Lorre wants to go to Palm Springs for a rest and to get the color back into his cheeks. He told reporters that death agreed with him.

Guy in desert walks miles and miles across the barren wasteland until he comes to a sign that reads: "Don't litter."



THE APE WOMAN

The sick movie of this year is *THE APE WOMAN*. This is the story of a woman who is covered from head to foot with long, brown hair. Her boyfriend, a greedy young punk, puts her in a show and cleans up. That is, cleans up everything but the Ape Woman. She's her dirty, hairy self all through the movie.

The hairy one goes ape over her trainer-boyfriend, and he finally has to marry her to keep her from running away with an ape, a former NASA missile test pilot, with wires taped all over his body.

Who would want an ape woman for a wife? Nobody in his right mind, unless it's an ape man, or a greedy young punk. So the trainer *(as we said, played by a greedy young punk)* hustles her off to Paris (you knew this was a foreign movie) and hustles her an act in a nightclub as a stripper. She's billed as "The Hairy Angel."

The freak has never been so happy. But can happiness last? That's the question. You can tell, because there's the a question mark at the end of the sentence.

Next the Ape Woman is preg-



The Ape Woman sent us her family album. She's proud of her family just like everyone else. Here's her baby picture.

nant. The greedy little punk says philosophically: "Maybe the baby will be a monster too. Then we can use it in the act." I told you he was a greedy little punk. I wonder why he didn't accuse the Ape Woman of running around?

You would think that with all this—the wedding, the baby, the show a big success, beautiful eyelashes—that all this would make a happy picture. But the Ape Woman dies in childbirth. The greedy fat (he's been eating well, the show is sold out) punk puts the body on display.

What a plot. It's hard to tell the people from the beast in this one. We'd like to rap that greedy young punk in the mouth.

Next to the Ape Woman, our favorite pin-up is Jo Bob Gorment. She's sick from eating too much, but she's not as sick as the man she sat on. Jo Bob, 56-56-56, who weighs 750 pounds *we changed Jo Bob's name and added a few hundred pounds to her weight so she can't sue SICK if she doesn't like this story!* and lives in Sargham, Texas. If that's possible.

During a party at Jo Bob's house, a male friend jumped through a glass picture window. Don't think he was just drunk. He had his reasons. He bet he could jump through the window without breaking the glass. He lost. The glass broke on both sides.

Now fat folks are usually happy.

but breaking that window gave Jo Bob a pain. She managed to get her fat fingers around the telephone, and using a pencil to dial called the police.

Then she sat on the friend, who weighed 105 pounds, until the police arrived. Fat chance he'd be able to get away.

The courts made him pay for the broken window. Moral: Stoned people shouldn't throw themselves through glass houses.

We all have our troubles. I've already told you about the Ape Woman. Dogs aren't much better off, but in a way they are. They can't read this and they have hospitals better equipped than most

more on next page

An Embassy Pictures release

By Jim Atkins



Growing up was fun. The Ape Woman says she always wanted to be a peeler. Here she practices peeling a banana.



But life was not all a bowl of sliced bananas. Into each life some rain must fall. During the monsoons of 1964 more than rain fell into the Ape Woman's life. Her brother fell down. He slipped on a banana peel.



Here's the Ape Woman's engagement picture. A girl must protect her skin from the sun. She uses banana oil on her skin.



This is the wedding. They'd make a lovely couple, if it weren't for both of them. You can spot the groom (he's the greasy young punk.) He's the one who doesn't need a shave.



The Ape Woman said this is her favorite portrait. When she sent us this one, she said please don't try to be sharp and use that old gag: "I get more shaves from beep-beep, than from any other blade." So we won't use it.



Here they have their first fight. Into every life some rain must fall. Into the couple's first home a lot of rain fell. The roof leaked. The Ape Woman got mad and told the greasy young drip he was getting into her hair.



The final message from the Ape Woman to us was: "A final message... please don't end the captions to my family album with that old joke—hair today, gone tomorrow." We couldn't figure any way to use that old joke, so we didn't.

we send a lot of sick people to. Dogs need them. They catch all of the diseases humans have. Doesn't that make you sick? Jo Bob writes she never felt better, and is going on a diet to lose 200 pounds.

Back to the real dogs, some veterinary hospitals have blood banks and 24-hour emergency service. Others can check dogs for diabetes and analyze spinal fluids. As a result of this and a lot more stuff, the life expectancy of dogs has been doubled in the past 20 years. That's twice as much as it was 20 years ago.

Perhaps if the ape woman had been taken to a vet, she would be alive today.

Teenagers in Britain, questioned during a survey to find out why they smoked, said they did it to stunt their growth so they could be jockeys. Too bad Jo Bob didn't think of that.

The newest organization is: *The United Nonjoiners For the Use of Creative Kinetic Energy to Resist the System*.

Some people are sicker than others. Otherwise there would be no average amount of sickness for us and we'd all be sick the same amount. But, I'm talking about sick people. The sort of people who would use *sort*, instead of *kind*. when talking about types of people. Yes, the sort of people who would

steal the Ape Woman's shampoo, or who would laugh at her when she slipped on a banana peel she was trying to eat. Or who wouldn't give a drowning man a glass of water if he were starving to death.

A Brooklyn mailman was shot by a sniper in New York. He went to the nearby office of a doctor and asked for help. The doctor told the sniper victim he was an expert in diagnosis, and didn't have the instruments needed to treat a bullet wound. He sent him to another doctor a couple of miles away.

Now I know why the Ape Woman died. She was sick.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

HOLLYWOOD - Shirley Temple, while celebrating her 35th birthday, revealed that she didn't enter movies at the age of three, but four. She didn't find out until she was 16 - uh, 17.



Dear SICKies:
In one of your issues you had an article entitled "The Teach" in which you gave instructions on "How to Rob a Bank." I followed those instructions to the letter and I want to know what went wrong?
Roger Fayth
Inmate 436529
Leavenworth State Prison
Leavenworth, Illinois

THE TEACH RIDES AGAIN

We don't know what went wrong but in this issue THE TEACH is back and this time he is giving a more practical lecture on bank robbing—he is planning a new heist with a group of his accomplices. Let's listen—

Okay, men, let's call the meeting to order. Is everyone here? Ringo Levy, Mabel, Louie, Fink, hey, wait a minute, who's this guy? I've never seen you at meetings before? What's that, Louie? Oh, he's a friend of yours — he wants to sit in; he's never seen a bank robbery planned before ... All right, he can stay ... but he can't vote!

In a few minutes, I'm handing out copies of the plan. Yes, Louie, we have an extra copy for your friend. And, Louie, when you drive the getaway car in front of the bank, don't honk the horn like the last time. We'll recognize the car. If you can't find a parking space, cruise around — don't put the car in a lot.

Our last job was a mess. No one carried out his assignment. The fact that the robbery was a complete success can only be attributed to two things; lousy police work and that timely eclipse of the sun that covered our escape. We can't count on breaks like that this time.

To avoid being recognized, we'll all be wearing false mustaches as a disguise. Come to think of it, Mabel, you better shave yours. And shave those sideburns, too.



The rest of us will silence the burglar alarm. Last time, Fink had a fool-proof plan for silencing the alarm. Unfortunately, by Fink's plan we were all left locked inside the vault. Yes, I know, Fink, it all turned out all right — the eclipse saved us. By my new plan we LET them set the alarm off — all right, all right, no one is going to hear it. Because we're all going to be making a lot of noise to drown out the alarm.

Now, Gorlitz, I want you to pick up the money. This time, don't bog yourself down with calendars. No, Louie, there won't be time for you to ask about a loan.



This plan is timed to the split second. Now synchronize your watches. It is now exactly 10:15 A.M. Fink, that's when Dick Tracy's hand is at ten and his finger points to five. What's that, Mabel? You've got 10:23? That's close enough. You've got 10:11, Gorlitz? All right, let's take a vote on the time. How many for 10:15? One, two, three, four — no, remember we said YOU can't vote. I thought Louie explained that to you. Keep your copy of the plan — just don't vote.

Now, for division of the money. By my plan we're not going to divide the money. My play is to steal 150 grand and hold it for ransom. Let me tell you, they'll pay a pretty penny to get that money back.



Let's trace our escape; we leave the bank through the kosher delicatessen, past the penny arcade and down the abandoned elevator shaft. The car goes into the pick-up truck. At 49th Street the pick-up truck goes into the panel truck, the panel truck drives up the ramp into the quarter ton van on 56th Street; then we take the van to the Hudson Street Pier and load it onto the Dutch freighter. Now, does anyone remember how we got the Dutch freighter into the helicopter the last time?



All right, is the plan clear — the escape firmly implanted in everybody's mind? That's right — through the kosher delicatessen, past the penny arcade and down the abandoned elevator shaft. Men, this is a perfectly conceived, perfectly timed bank robbery. Now, all we have to do is find a bank that fits it. Does anyone here know of a bank located next to a kosher delicatessen, near a penny arcade, leading to an abandoned elevator shaft?



What's that, Gorlitz? You know a bank next to a meat market? They sell ham? No good — that's not kosher.



PHONE TV

Pay television is on the way. Several methods have been proposed for bringing Pay TV into your homes. One suggestion is to have a coin box on top of the television set. Of course, there is one manufacturer who suggests a little television set on top of a coin box.

Most likely the future viewer of Pay TV will use his home phone to request the program of his choice — and you know what this could lead to:



TV Information, informing you that now you can start your own drive-in theater with just a large TV set and a parking lot.

I'm trying to find a movie—I think Hepburn stars in it.



Do you have a first name?



Audrey.



Will you make a note of this, please—I have a listing for a Katherine Hepburn in "Summertime" and an Audrey Hepburn in "Funnyface." They are both Technicolor movies.

That's all right, I have a color phone.



I hope you also have a wide screen, they're both in Cine mascope.

We have "Auntie Mame," and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

What else do you have?

Don't you have any comedies? How about "War and Peace"?

Sorry, wa don't have that.

You don't? It's in the phone book.

Are you calling from a pay phone?

How would I watch "War and Peace" in a pay phone? "Marty," maybe . . .

"War and Peace" is playing in San Francisco tonight.

Then, get me San Francisco.

Certainly, "San Francisco" stars Jeannette MacDonald, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy.

No, operstor, I want the city.

We have "Naked City," "Cry of the City" and "The City That Never Sleeps."

The city of San Francisco, California.

Person to person?

Of course not, I can get that on free TV.

Then, how about "The Great Train Robbery." That's station to station.

It's also over thirty years old. Are you trying to give me the business?

I'll connect you with the Business Office.

I don't have that listing. Can wa show you "The Apartment"?

I give up. Ethel, I'm going to call Larry and Brenda and ask them over for bridge.

TV Business Office—"There's no business like show business," starring Eddie Cantor, Constance Moore and George Murphy..

I didn't want the business office, but as long as you're on, I've got a bill here charging me for "God Created Woman" 12 times—no one in the house ever ordered that film.

Do you have any children?

Yes—a six-year-old son.

Will you ask him if he ordered "God Created Woman"?

I can't—he locked himself in the garage two days ago with the girl next door. . . . I also think there's something wrong with my set. Last night I wanted to watch "Johnny Eager" and my wife wanted to see "Make Mine Manhattan" on her set. Something went wrong—my wife had Johnny Eager in her bedroom all night.

BOSS MAN

BILL FILE #13

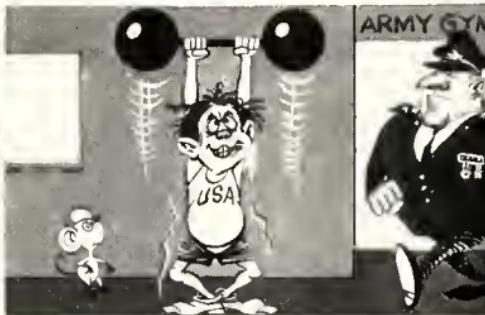
HOME FREE

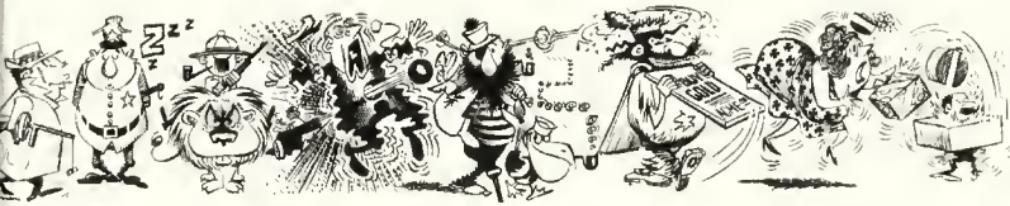
Operator, I'm trying to get the Gorletz Home in Brooklyn.

May I help you?

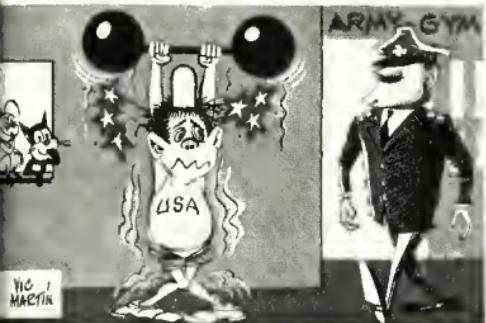
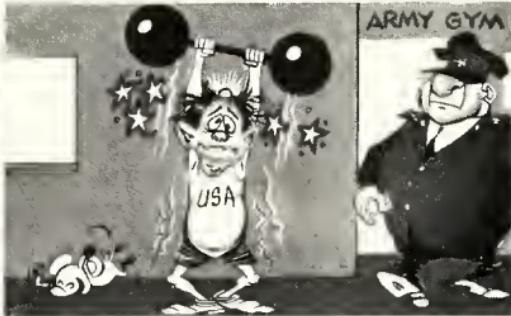
Can you tell me who stars in it?

HUCKLEBERRY FINK IN THE ARMY





by Vic Martin



With Madison Avenue advertising techniques increasing sales all over the country people are beginning to become aware of the enormous power of advertising. And since today, with the tendency towards conformity, people are struggling to retain their individuality. The only way to do this is by advertising yourself—making yourself known so you don't remain obscure in the background. A good way to do this is to follow the popular ads and put these posters in conspicuous places of your neighborhood, as you...

ADVERTISE Yourself

When you want to go someplace— LET US TAKE YOU!

ANGIE THE HACKMAN

FRIENDLY CAB COMPANY

(Also Hostile Cabs, Passionate Cabs, Etc.)

FEATURING A NEW TYPE CAB
Press a button and door opens—
then you get out and take a bus!



BRIGHT CONVERSATION WHILE YOU DRIVE
OUR MOTTO "Don't Stand In Our Way!"

Don't be HALF-SAFE!
SAFECRACKERS WHO KNOW PREFER...

Big Al THE SAFECRACKER

18 YEARS WITHOUT A CONVICTION
NO OTHER SAFECRACKER
CAN MAKE THAT STATEMENT!



No safe too big or too small
only too empty!

YOU CAN BE SURE IF IT'S "BIG AL."

Recommended by The Mafia

Art by Angelo Torres

Script by Paul Lakin

DOES SHE OR DOESN'T SHE?

only her roommate knows for sure!



Miss Claire Erle
THE TOWN'S PROFESSIONAL BLIND DATE
The Best Friend Your Friend Has Ever Had

Cooks, Sews, Cleans, Speaks 5 Languages, Has Job.
Sorry! No Necking Until 3rd Date NI 9-2384 (after 6)

CLEAN GOVERNMENT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

Elect Honest John Smedley



FOR THE SAME GRAFT AND CORRUPTION

YOU'VE BEEN GETTING

GET HIM OFF
THE RELIEF ROLES!

Don't just call ANY Cop!

The next time you're in trouble call

FELIX the COP

SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD



14 YEARS OF LAW AND ORDER ON THE WEST SIDE

ON OR OFF DUTY,

THE FINEST POLICEMAN THAT MONEY CAN BUY!

No matter where the crime is committed holler for FELIX

AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD POLICE STATION —

NO TICKEE? STILL GET WASHEE! WHEN YOU BRINGEE YOUR SHIRTSEE TO WONG'S HAND LAUNDRY

(Also Wash Feet, Neck and Back of Ears)

THE BEST FRIEND YOUR SHORTS HAVE EVER HAD!



SAME DAY SERVICE

You bring your laundry in December 1, 1964
And you get same back on December 1, 1965

SPECIAL RATES FOR WOOLEN SPATS

SHIRTS IRONED WHILE YOU WAIT

(You Get Nice Sunburn That Way)

Let ME keep your books...

(I promise to return them)

SELMA The BOOKKEEPER

(Formerly Selma The File-Clerk)

The next time you're bothered
by messy accounts payable,
greasy petty cash and
dusty general ledgers
just call on Selma.



You'll feel perfectly in balance when you do.
(comes with own pencils and washroom key!)

You haven't had your molars out—
till they've been taken out by...

DENZIL the DENTIST

Leading a Hand To-Mouth Existence For Fifteen Years



GUARANTEED NOT TO GET ON YOUR NERVES

Come in for a checkup today. If you
haven't got a cavity we'll give you one!

SPECIAL FEATURES

4 COLOR X-RAY PICTURES...

EXHORBITANT PRICES...

As long as you're going crazy,
you might as well go crazy with . . .

Dr. Kropotkin

The Painless Psychoanalyst

CONFLICTS
WHILE YOU WAIT



GETS DEEP INSIDE YOUR PSYCHE AREAS
WHERE THE REAL TROUBLE LIES

WORKS TWICE AS FAST AS MILTOWN TO RELIEVE
MENTAL IRREGULARITY

For mildness to your Id without upsetting your Libido
ask for DR. KROPOTKIN today!

Don't take any Waiter!

Insist on

MAXIE THE WAITER

"Service With A Laugh"



ACTS TWICE AS FAST AS ANY OTHER WAITER

Shinier Silverware • Cleaner Plates
• Juicier Pickles • Bigger Tips

The next time you're at the Rialto Delicatessen

SIT AT A MAXIE TABLE

(Left rear near garbage pails)

You haven't lived until you've
been buried by

WALDO

"The Undertaker's Undertaker"



Air-Conditioned

CASKETS

LARGE AND ROOMY

BUILT FOR COMFORT

SPECIAL
HUMOROUS
EULOGIES
FURNISHED
at slight
additional charge

NEVER A DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER
BACK TO COMPLAIN

COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR BODY BACK

Why wait till the last minute? Call Today!

DIE NOW — PAY LATER!

"I dreamed I cleaned house
in my maid-in-torn apron!"

LET *Clarice* THE MAID
DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!



Ideal for dusty venetians, dirty floors,
greasy furniture and wolfish husbands.

Approved By Good Housekeepers

Nobody picks up garbage like
SEYMOUR
THE GARBAGEMAN

"The Garbageman's Garbageman"
 (Contains Chloraphyl)



MAKE SURE YOUR GARBAGE
 DOESN'T FALL INTO
 THE WRONG HANDS

BRING IT IN FROM
 OTHER NEIGHBORHOODS

The discriminating garbage-throwers all wait for SEYMOUR

42 YEARS IN THE BUSINESS **42**

He Talks, Sleeps & Eats Garbage!

NICKIE the BOOKIE

ANNOUNCES HE HAS MOVED
 TO LARGER QUARTERS

now conveniently located on the
 Northeast Corner of South Street



PLACE YOUR BETS HERE

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Specialist in
 Horse Races,
 Ball Games,
 Cock Fights,
 Elections,
 Wars, Etc.



PHONE: TW 9-9258

(it's a candy store but they call it the phone)

REMEMBER:

Nickie Pays Good—Like A Good Bookie Should!

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THRU BETTING HORSES

(Please Do Not Tell The Cops You Saw This Ad)

So free and easy on your throat...

SAM the BARBER

(Formerly SAM THE BUTCHER)

The best friend your head has ever had!



SHAVES WHILE YOU WAIT

THE HOTTEST TOWEL IN TOWN

LIGHT, GAY, CLEAN CONVERSATION

(Sorry, no politics!)

BRING IN YOUR HEAD TODAY FOR A FREE ESTIMATE

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

ALEX

THE "I-CASH-CLOTHES" MAN



ANSWER WHEN HE HOLLERS UP

...YOU'LL BE SO-O-O GLAD YOU DID!

(Please Tell Your Friends About This Ad)

The NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV STORY

Art—Dick Doxsee

HOLLYWOOD

ONCE AGAIN SICK TAKES YOU TO THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF BLACKJACK PRODUCTIONS WHERE PRODUCER IRVING IRVING IS HOLDING A STORY CONFERENCE ON HIS LATEST PROJECT.



Now, Georgie Jellybean, tell us something about Nickie's early life so the boys can devise a scenario. What was Nickie like as a young man?

He was a stupid farmer.

You mean that Nickie was uneducated, don't you, Angel?

No, he was a stupid farmer.

Well, folks, there it is. Our job is to show how this stupid farmer rose to rule the Communist world through daring political stratagems and diplomatic cunning.

Tell us, cupcake, how did Nickie rise to power?

He butchered innocent people.

Well, babies, maybe we better skip Nickie's rise to power. We can still make him a war hero.

He butchered innocent people.

What did Nickie do during the war, Georgie pie?

I know, darling, but there was a war on!

Tell me something, June bug, you are Nickie's Public Relations Chief, aren't you? Well, you're doing a helluva job, honey.

We'll have to create a love interest. Where did Nickie meet his wife, Nina?

In the Red Army. She was his top sergeant.

Nickie married his top sergeant? But why?

He hated K.P. They were married on the battlefield outside of Smolentz. For their honeymoon they cleaned out a Nazi machine-gun nest with hand grenades.

All right, Kent, tell blue eyes, how you see your storyline.

Kent Castor, "Mildred Pierce." I see Nickie as a gay sophisticate. He leaves his humble beginnings and comes to the big time—Moscow.

He gets his big break as a pallbearer in Stalin's funeral. Inside Lenin's tomb, the guy who is to deliver the eulogy suddenly comes down with a broken leg.

I know who broke it



He gets offers to star in all of Moscow's leading funeral parlors.

Well, jelly doughnut, how do you like it so far?



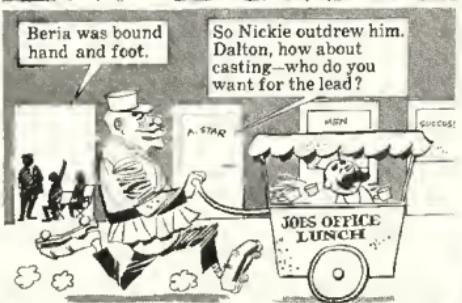
Don't worry—It's Khrushchev's scene from start to finish. Stalin just does a walk-on in the sealed casket.



Tell me, love, was the machine gun still in the love nest? Good—we'll get a lot of humor out of that.

After the love interest, we'll show Khrushchev's rise to power in a montage of purges. 'Promise them anything, but give them montage,' I always say.

Kent, it will be another "Taras Bulba." Now, about Beria's death. When Nickie kills Beria, it must be a fair fight. Now, Danish pastry, did Beria have a gun?



My first choice is Jeffrey Hunter, "The King of Kings." But Jeff is still holed up in Jerusalem.

Can we get to him?



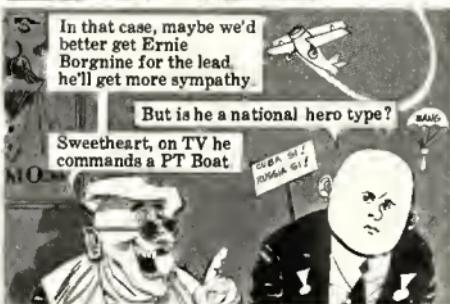
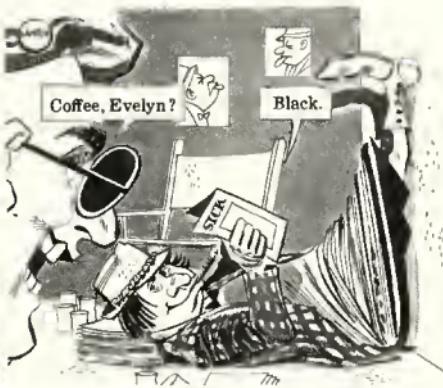
Yes, but we'll have to roll back the rock in front of his cave.



For Stalin's funeral everything is black. Black suits, black umbrellas, black limousine. Stalin's carriage is black and will be pulled by six pure white horses and the six pure white horses will be black.



For Stalin's honor guard I want the Harlem Globetrotters. For the wedding, Nina wears basic black: black purse, black pumps a black corsage and the machine gun is ebony.



With television today suffering from an overwhelming burden of trite programming, the voluntary cancellation of the Dick Van Dyke Show becomes a tragedy that we refuse to take lying

down. Therefore, as a public service, we are going to do one more episode. This then, is our trite version of the greatest comedy show ever to grace the TV scene —

The DUCK VAN DYKE SHOW

Art by Angelo Tarres Script by Calvin Castine

Good morning, dear.
What's for breakfast?

Scrambled eggs, bacon,
toast, oatmeal, pancakes,
orange juice, coffee, and
a great big kiss.

I'm not too hungry, so I'll
just take the coffee.

That's a pretty clever line,
Rabb. Anyone else would
take the kiss. It's no
wonder that you're such a
talented TV comedy
writer with a typical
average suburban family.

Hey, daddy! Did you bring
me anything? Huh? Didja?
What'd you bring me,
daddy? Huh?

You're doing that scene a
little early, Risky. I just
got out of bed. Wait till I
get home from the office,
will ya?

Well, dear, I guess I'd
better be going to work.
Now remember, don't put
a dent in our typical new
car, don't flirt with our
typical milkman, and don't
get into an argument with
our typical neighbors.

You could try doing some
typical housework for a
change.

Good morning, gang.
Hi ya, Rabb.

There he is, Appalachia's
answer to Tarzan. He's
the only fellow I know
who ever got his foot
stuck in the crack of a
sidewalk. He's so skinny
that when he was born,
the doctors kept looking
for the other half of him.
He's so desperate for
muscles, that he enrolled
in Dan Knotts' special
phys. ed. classes.

I had these "skinny" jokes
left over from "Broadway
Open House". No offense,
Rabb.

What are you doing
insulting me? You usually
save all your insults for
Maul.

All right, gang, what do you say we get right down to business?

This plot is beginning to drag

What plot?

Today I get the couch!

Look here, Robb. Just because you're four feet taller than I am doesn't mean that you're gonna start ordering me around.

Yeh, who do you think you are?

This is my show, and I say I get the couch.

Babbl Robbl I've got to talk to you right away.

Oh, good morning, Maul.

You're looking good this morning, Maul.

Is that all you've got to say? Where are your usual insults?

Come on, Boddy. Insult him.

What are you waiting for? Give him a few dozen fast bald-headed jokes.

What's wrong with you, you pot-bellied little runt. Are you going to insult me, or not?

Sorry, fellows, but I'm all out of bald-headed jokes.

In the five years we've been an, I've used over 70,000 bald-headed jokes. And now, I've finally run out. Why don't you get fat or something? I've got a million fat-man jokes that I'm dying to use.

Walt! I've got one! I've heard of people parting their hair in the middle, but this is ridiculous. Hey! From the top, you look like a walking egg. You don't use your head for anything else, why don't you grow a garden or something up there?

Robb, Align wants to see you in his office right away. He said to leave . . . Saully and "it" here.

Say, is it true that you've never heard of a camb?

You'd better hurry, Robb.
Allyn sounded mad.

I'm on my way.

And, all I've got to say to you is, 'Yecchi!'



Hey! That's a pretty funny line You'd probably make a great comedian. Have you ever considered working for a living?



Oh, Robb, come in. I was just admiring the world's funniest and handsomest comedian—Mel

Sit down, Robb.

Yes, sir.

I'm not going to beat around the bush. Robb, I'm going to get right to the point. You know I'm not the kind of fellow who wastes time. Isn't that right, Robb?

Yes, sir.

I've always considered myself a good boss to work for. Wouldn't you agree, Robb?

Yes, sir.

Robb, do you consider yourself a "yes-man"?

Yes, sir....Uh, I mean No sir....I mean....

You're beginning to sound more like Maul every day.

I resent that! You can't talk to me like that. I know my rights! I'm not going to stand for this any longer. I quit!

You're doing the big blow-up bit way ahead of schedule, Robb. I haven't even got to the good part of my speech yet.

And he should know because he's secretly mild-mannered Carl Reiner, writer of this show.

What is it dear? You're home early from the office.

I just quit. Boy, that Alan Brody makes me mad. I've never seen such an egotistical man. Unless it's Carl Reiner.

Lourell Hey, Lourell

Is that you, Melée?

Oh, hi, Robb. You're still home. Don't you think you'd better get to the office? It's getting pretty late.

I've already been to the office.

Really! Did Align give you that raise?

HELP WANTED

Well, I sent Align Brainy a dozen letters, saying what a great comedy writer you are, and that without you, he'd be nothing.

You what!!!

Did I do something wrong?

You wrote a dozen letters like that to a man with Align Brainy's ego, and you ask if you did something wrong? If you were a man, Melee, I'd punch you right in the nose.

You can't talk to me like that! Put 'em up! Come on, put 'em up!

Don't run away from me!
Fight like a man.

Robbl

Hey daddy. Did you bring me anything? Huh? Didja? What'd you bring me, daddy? Huh? What'd you bring me?

Will you get to heck off my head!!?

POW!

Daggone it. That's the fifteenth black eye he's given me this year.

Our topic today is success. You won't be very successful if you sit around reading humor books. But success is many things to many people...mostly nonexistent. Today I will teach you how to be successful by following my special Sick-cessful methods.

It was the Duke of Wellington who said: "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing Fields of Eton." Now I don't know what that means, but you'll have to admit it's a good quote.

Perhaps we can say that you learn to be successful in life through playing winning sports. Well, Joe Namath would surely agree with you. He got a job making \$400,000 right after graduating from college. This shows you the value of a good education.

Lots of people, mainly stupid luncheon speakers who talk about the team and glory, tell the same sort of story. And let's face it, those who are good athletes are usually successful.

Only the speakers always have it backwards. Who would want to work if he could be an athlete, and travel over the world, get chased by girls, go to parties, and listen to people cheer?

For example, I know one man who worked 18 hours a day until he was 45 and made a million dollars. Then he spent his life playing tennis in a tennis court he built in his backyard, Delaware. Delaware was not where his home was, it was his backyard. But he only lived a year. He should have played tennis until he was 40 and then retired to enjoy his stocks and blonds.

Here's some advice. First of all, you have to know how to dress properly. You must look successful. Do you think Gussie Moran would have made it if she hadn't known what clothes to wear? Success is a way of life. If you are a successful humor writer you can be a successful tennis bum, or a stock salesman, or a stock boy. Now, if you're Gussie Moran you can't be a successful stock boy. But you can't have everything.

Mark Caine in *The S-Man, A Grammar of Success*, by Mark Caine, says that eccentricity is a useful ticket to most people who want to get attention and to be successful. But he warns: "Beware of being like the man who went to a fancy dress ball as a rabbit and then had to eat lettuce all evening; it is one thing to go as a rabbit; it is another to turn into one."

HUCKLEBERRY FINK ON **SUCCESS\$**



Script by Jim Atkins

Art by Angelo Torres

There has been much concern lately over the so-called truth-in-packaging bill which Congress wants to pass to protect the housewife from being misled when she buys food in supermarkets. Naturally, the big majority of the food companies are bothered by this, but they needn't really worry since they follow all the rules anyway. However, there are those fly-by-night sharpie groups who are being bedeviled by the impending legislation. Let's see how they intend to combat the Congressional measure.

THE PACKAGERS

(Scene: The conference room of the Peccony and Purloin Packagers Association on Madison Avenue. Seated around a box top shaped table are the four officers in charge of Putting Food in Packages in a Highly Deceptive Manner are, left to right, Messrs. Grovedink, Smonster, Crelly and Bloomsner.)

SCRIPT BY BILL MAJESKI

Those Commies down in Washington are investigating us again. We've got to come up with some sophisticated gimmicks so we can hoodwink the public in peace.

We're with you, Gravedink, baby. I've been working on a sly bit of thievery all weekend. We keep the same size jars of applesauce, but we change the labels from 6 and 3/4 ounces to 6 and 5/8 ounces. We save an eighth of an ounce of applesauce in every jar.

That's a lot of applesauce, sweetie.

Look, Smonster, they'll catch on to that applesauce bit. That's basic trickery. I'm thinking more in the line of mathematical brain twister.

You mean like a pound and 14 fluid ounces of pineapple juice for 55 cents, compared with two quarts and two ounces for 74 cents?

That's the ticket. With those kids pushing and shoving, the old bag behind the shopping cart will be so confused she'll buy two of everything.

To add a note of sophistication, why not incorporate some of the updated mathematics mechanisms on the label.

You know, toss in a couple of components, parallel figures, addition factors and reciprocal equalizers.

Jazz the package up with virile symbols in three colors for impulse buying

and baby, that's money in the bank.

How about this? If John had two apples and he gave Mary one apple and Mary sold the apple together with a peach at 3 for a dime, how much would...

Will someone shut that clown up? How the hell can we plot with that idiot mumbling like that?

Don't look at me. He's not MY brother-in-law.

Never mind. What have we got lined up so far, Smasher?



Half-filled salt boxes, cereal boxes, soap pad boxes and a gem of a biscuit box that's only one-third filled.

What about labeling?

We have Large, Extra Large, Super Large, Super Extra Large, Colossal Economy Size, Super-Economy Size, Money-Saving Super Extra, Large-Large, Extra Large-Big and Tremendous!

I've got something that sings. A pre-cooked ham tin in the shape of a woman.



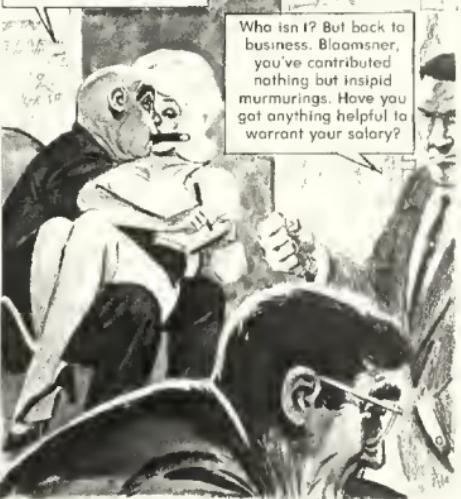
Speaking of that, did I ever tell you about that redhead I met in Dayton?

WHIZ

Enough of that. Do I talk about your wife?



Sorry. I forgot you married that chick. Sorry.



Who isn't? But back to business. Bloomsner, you've contributed nothing but insipid murmurings. Have you got anything helpful to warrant your salary?

Only the greatest. Look.

WHIZ

You're an idiot, pal. It's an empty box of cereal. Sit down and shut up.

Give me a chance. Look at the pitch we make! The fast-life factor. The hurry-up syndrome. This retails for 39 cents — it's PRE-EATEN FOOD!

Dammit, he's got it!



Bloomsner, you've opened new horizons. You're the Magellan of supermarket shelves.



Let's all go over to Barney's for a round of Old Garbardine and the drinks are on me. Doubtless Er, sorry... I mean Giant, Jumbo, Extra-Large Economy Size!

If John had two apples and he gave Mary one apple and Mary sold the apple together with a peach at 3 for a dime, how much would...



It is revealed that 93.1% of all network programs are owned or controlled by networks—which is a lot of power in one place, and we suspect that there is more to this than meets the eye. With such enormous influence at its disposal, we imagine that a new show might be formulated in this manner, with the background music softly playing.

MY TIME IS PRIME TIME



Now I got o hot idee on this one. CBS is running a 20.8 Nielsen on account of the papers say they did it with Cinderella. Leading by o nose, they say—

so we'll go out in front by severol noses because I wrote in Pinocchio and Cyrono deBergerac. How do you like them apples, Flock?

I odore them, JA.

OK, Flock—up off your knees and pay attention. This script is a sort of combo, os I call it. Locking originolity.

I meon, what I've done is to combine our top pop shows, which I control, and we have this Western family that happens to be witches.

Now one of them—Pinocchio—is a lawyer, one is a nurse, Cyrono's the slobones, one of them's a ponelist, one of them plays stupid gomes off day, and they live in a little homlet in Wyoming—a town colled Pointin' Ploe on account of the artists who live there—which It's a sex-ridden town flooded with inversions and devotions and into which this homespun character Willy Grohomcrocker is coming to stage o revivol. Now—



But what's the premise?
The theme? The story
line?

You've forgotten, Flock
—this is TV. You want
everything?

Beg your humble pardon,
sir. What does the
sponsor think of your
masterpiece?

They're due here any
minute—not that their
opinion will have any
bearing on the matter,
but—this is a democracy
they say—actually, it's
a federal republic—and
every man in this
business is entitled to
my opinion.

Mr. Garish and Mr.
Potboll sir

Don't take off your coats,
gentlemen. You won't
be here that long. You've
read the script?

I certainly did, and as
the writer, I take ex-
ception to quite a few
things.

I originally had as the
protagonist a stern
lawman in conflict with
deep emotions—that's Dan
Dauntless—and I
see you've changed him
to a Bible salesman
who's in love with his
Peugeot. Now I ask you—

And I'll answer you,
Potboll. Just what chance
does a lousy cowpoke
have to move around—
circulate—agitate—
come to grips with
gripes? None.
Now our Bible salesman
is on the move—action.
He sells Bibles—religion.

He loves his car—a
salute to the auto
industry.



And—his mother is a
witch. All the elements
the public loves.

I notice that in the
costing you've substituted
one Melodie Dabchick
for Ave Gordintere, the
sultry practitioner of
block magic. Who's this
Dabchick chick?

My sister-in-law. Any
objections?



Can she act? No.
Dance? No.
Sing? No.
Recite? No.
Do judo? Crochet? No.

Then what in heaven's name —

Because she wanted in, and I control 93.1% of all the prime time — known as take what we give you — or else.

This is on outrage! I'll go to another network.

The other two webs control the same time, sir — and have you read your contract? The Hammerlock Clause? The one that states that you take what you get, or surrender all your assets and capitol to us?

I couldn't read it. It was Swahili.

You're beautiful, JA

I think the story is rotten, the casting is vile, the whole production stinks, and I want my name withdrawn from the credits.

It already is. I'm inked in for writer, producer, and director.

Good grief! Frankenheimer re-visited!

Who's he?

A smart man. He deserted TV for the movies.

That's his lookout. Well, gentlemen — that will be all for now, and I'm glad I have your approval. Just remember — what's good for me is good for the country.

Sir — this note —

Flock, you talk too much. You're fired.

Shake, baby! The note says you're fired too.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN
NOT GIVING ME
NOTICE AND A RUINOUS
SEVERANCE PAY? WHO
DO THOSE COMMIE
RATS THINK THEY ARE?

THIS IS AMERICA! WHERE
EVERY MAN IS EQUAL
AND ENTITLED TO A
HEARING AND -----

Sportsman's Corner

Hi, Fans. This is former football great, Frank Gifford, here in Sportsman's Nook. Our guest today is a well-known fisherman and top competitor, a man who is loved and honored wherever fishermen gather which is usually near a river. Pardon me, what is your name?

Bill Brown.

That's it. Slipped my mind for a minute. I always have trouble with foreign names. Tell me, Bill, what is the most common mistake made by novice fishermen?

They misspell novice

Bill, there are lots of accidents involving skin divers hit by motor boats. How can you tell if your fishing boat is passing over a skin diver?

By the screams.

Bill, what is the capacity of the average fishing boat?

That depends upon what the fishermen are drinking

Bill, I know our fishermen at home would be interested in this question—what's the best tackle to use?

You know the answer to that question as well as I do, Frank. The best tackle is a little above the ankles from behind. The best tackle I ever saw was made by Chuck Bedarnik in the Pitt-Giants game when he hit you from behind, Frank.

Well then, you're one up on me, Bill. I didn't see that tackle . . .

EARTH

People in Virginia have been reporting flying saucers and some say they saw little green men. Augusta County Sheriff John Kent says things have gotten so bad that he is warning citizens not to shoot any little men they see. "Who's got the right to mow them down?" he told reporters.

What are the flying saucers? Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe says he thinks the government knows something so startling that it fears the public would be panicked if they knew what the saucers were. How's that for a joke?

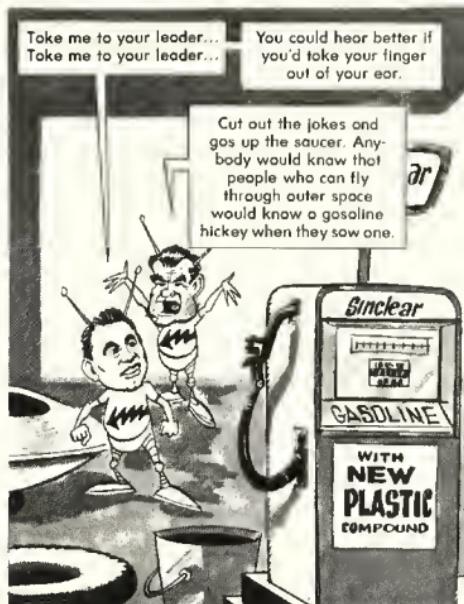
But, there is a reason for people coming here from outer space. We tell you exclusively why we think...

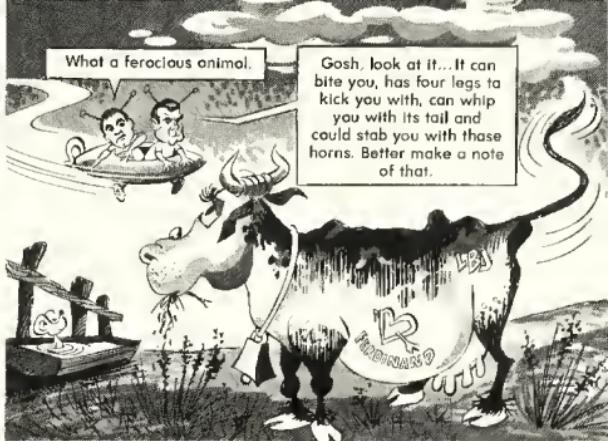


Men from SPACE are Watching You!

Art by Vic Martin

Script by Jim Atkins





EXCLUSIVE:

How The Japs Lost The War

THE TIME: A few weeks before V-J Day.

THE PLACE: The Japanese High Command Headquarters. A conference presided over by Emperor Tojo.



We all have relatives in US of A, Honorable Emperor, but we mustn't think of ourselves. Suggest we drop bombs in Dakotas—then, nobody would even know.

We have tough enough time now living down sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, which I recall was idea of Stupid here. I don't want Jap people to be bad guys all the time. Charlie Chan is having enough trouble finding work as it is.

Jerk! He tells everyone he's Chinese. Would he get any work if he told them he was a Jap? Look what happened to Mr. Moto. Chan no dummy.



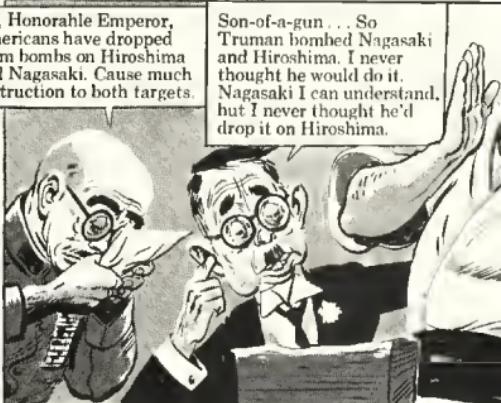
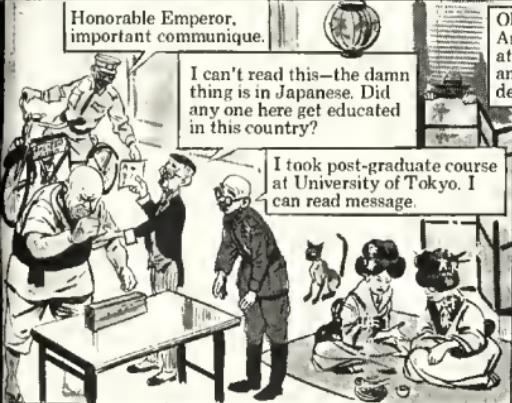
Honorable Emperor, important communique.

I can't read this—the damn thing is in Japanese. Did any one here get educated in this country?

I took post-graduate course at University of Tokyo. I can read message.

Oh, Honorable Emperor, Americans have dropped atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Cause much destruction to both targets.

Son-of-a-gun... So Truman bombed Nagasaki and Hiroshima. I never thought he would do it. Nagasaki I can understand, but I never thought he'd drop it on Hiroshima.

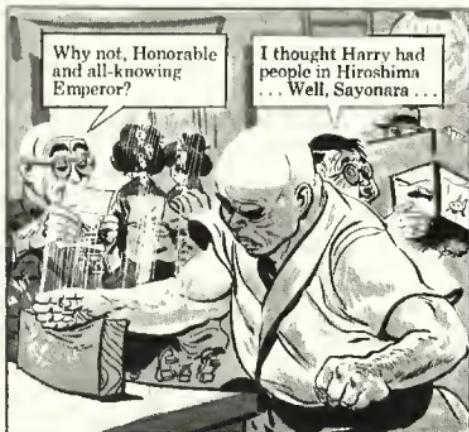


Why not, Honorable and all-knowing Emperor?

I thought Harry had people in Hiroshima ... Well, Sayonara ...

What's this—“Sayonara.”

American expression my sister taught me. In Japanese it means — YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL.



Fractured Flickers

FAVORITE

MURDER TRIAL

We are in the courtroom where the defense attorney is questioning prospective jurors for the James H. Robertson murder trials. As you

know, Mr. Robertson, a respected citizen of this community, is charged with arranging the murder of his wife. Let's listen as the defense attorney questions another juror.

Mr. Harold Granger?

Do you feel qualified to serve on the jury for this murder trial?

Yes.

Yes.

What is your occupation?

I'm a college instructor.

Have you read about this case in the newspapers or discussed it with any of your friends?

No, I haven't.

All right. Do you believe in capital punishment?

Yes, when it is indicated by the facts in the case

Good. Well, the juror seems acceptable to the defense.

One last question, if accepted would you like to serve on this jury? Remember it's a murder trial.

Yes, I would.

Why would you like to serve on this jury?

To avenge my sister's murderer.

MOVIE SCENES

Art- Arnold Franchioni

HAUNTED HOUSE

Now, sir, let me get this straight—
you want to buy Crighton Castle?

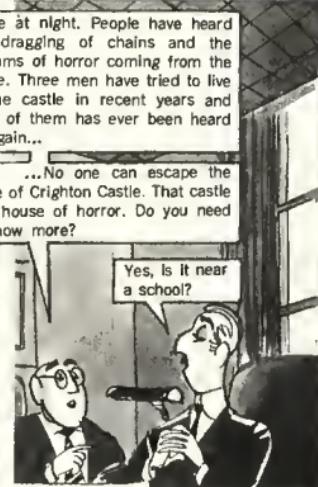
Yes, I was thinking about it.

A reputable real estate agent, I
must warn you that that castle is
haunted. Six unsolved murders were
committed in Crighton Castle, the
victims roam the castle at night
seeking revenge. Strange noises can
be heard by people walking near the

castle at night. People have heard
the dragging of chains and the
screams of horror coming from the
castle. Three men have tried to live
in the castle in recent years and
none of them has ever been heard
of again...

...No one can escape the
curse of Crighton Castle. That castle
is a house of horror. Do you need
to know more?

Yes, Is it near
a school?



THE FIGHTER

We are speaking to you from the
dressing room of "Slugger" Carson,
moments before he goes out into the
ring to face the fearful Heavyweight
Champion of the World — Sonny

Slugger's manager—Howie Worth,
is giving the slugger last minute
instructions before he goes out to
meet Sonny in their 15 round Heavy-
weight Championship fight. Let's
listen —

Now, Kid, for the first 10
rounds — I want you to stay
away from him . . . Then,
for the last 5 rounds, I
want you to RUN away
from him!



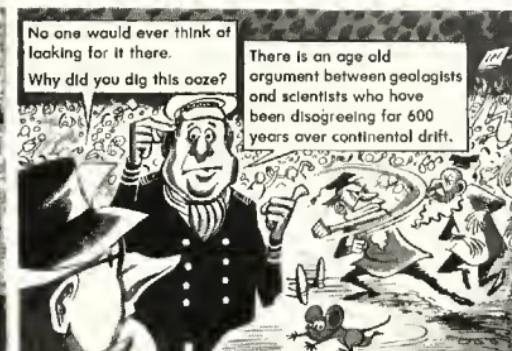
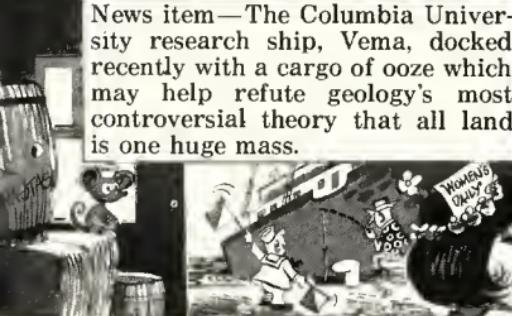
Science Sicktion

OOZE and BOMBS

News item—The Columbia University research ship, Vema, docked recently with a cargo of ooze which may help refute geology's most controversial theory that all land is one huge mass.

Captain, you have a cargo of ooze, how do you unload it?

That's what I'm trying to figure out.



Hydrogen Bomb

Dr. Edward Teller, often called the "father of the Hydrogen Bomb" has just written an article for all parents in Reader's Digest, calling: "Do we expect too much from our children?"



SICK ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

(Continued from page 1)

*The Principal of Your School
takes this opportunity
to notify you
that you will be left back
at the end of this term.
Kindly report to this office
with your parents
for further information.*

**PLEASE BE ADVISED
THAT AS YOU READ THIS
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST
AND THAT THE POLICE
HAVE YOUR HOUSE SURROUNDED
SO COME OUT QUIETLY
WITH YOUR HANDS UP
OR WE WILL SHOOT TO KILL.**

CUT-OUT AND PASTE-OVER

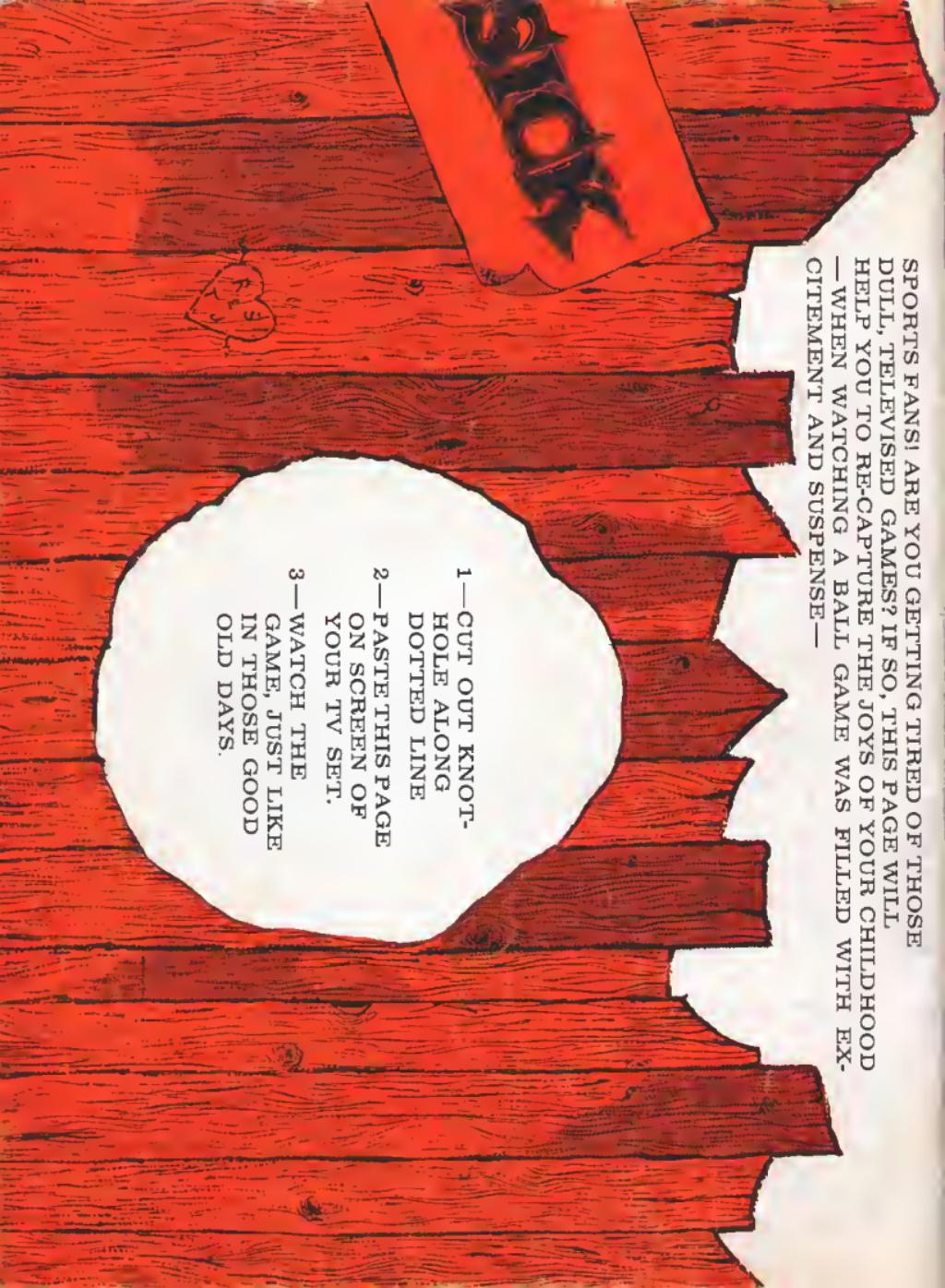
OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

County General Hospital
hereby informs you that
during your recent operation
one of our surgeons
inadvertently left a scalpel
in your pancreas.

Kindly report at once
for another operation.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

*The City Marriage Bureau
regretfully announces that
due to an oversight by our clerk
your marriage certificate is
in error
and you have been
living with your spouse illegally
these many years.
Kindly report for further
instructions.*



SPORTS FANS! ARE YOU GETTING TIRED OF THOSE DULL, TELEVISED GAMES? IF SO, THIS PAGE WILL HELP YOU TO RE-CAPTURE THE JOYS OF YOUR CHILDHOOD — WHEN WATCHING A BALL GAME WAS FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT AND SUSPENSE.

- 1—CUT OUT KNOT-HOLE ALONG DOTTED LINE
- 2—PASTE THIS PAGE ON SCREEN OF YOUR TV SET.
- 3—WATCH THE GAME, JUST LIKE IN THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS.